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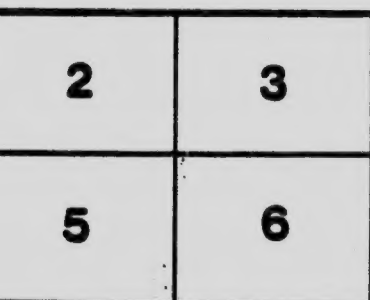
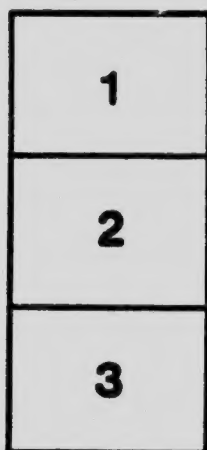
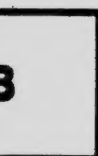
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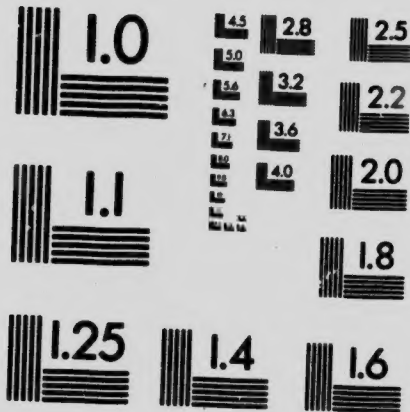
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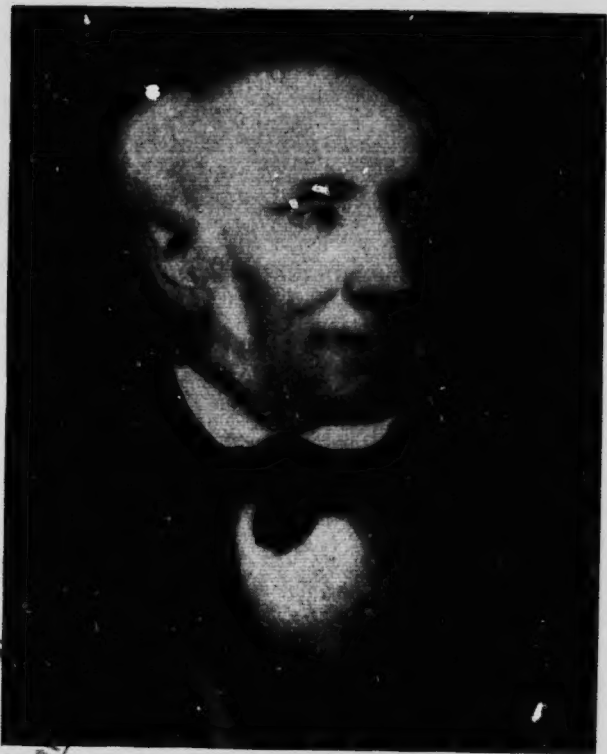


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**WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850**



SELECT POEMS  
OF  
WORDSWORTH  
AND  
COLERIDGE

EDITED FROM AUTHORS' EDITIONS  
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND ANNOTATIONS

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## PREFACE

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THIS edition of *Select Poems of Wordsworth and Coleridge* is designed as an aid to the study of English Literature in High Schools, more especially the Literature prescribed for Matriculation and Departmental Examinations, 1906, in Ontario and Manitoba. The present volume endeavours to bring together from many quarters whatever critical apparatus elementary students will require, to make possible for such as use it the thorough study of the poetry it contains.

The text of these Selections has been drawn in every case from the authoritative editions issued by the authors themselves. Wherever possible, each poem has been followed from earliest editions till latest, in the hope that the text might be made trustworthy in every detail. The variant readings have been noted, and will be found of interest to readers, as well as useful in the study of literary expression. For similar reasons, care has been taken to cite the sources of poetical passages, not only that a clearer sense of poetic excellence may be attained, but also that an insight may be afforded into the genesis of poetry and the difference between poetry and prose.

The Appendix contains many poems that furnish interesting comparisons with the prescribed Selections, but in the main it is designed merely as a collection of poetry suitable for literary study without the aid of notes or other critical apparatus.

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GRASMEY, WORDSWORTH'S HOME, 1790-1813.



ESTHWAITE LAKE AND WORDSWORTH'S LODGINGS, HAWKSHEAD

## INTRODUCTIONS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[1770-1850.]

REFERENCES.—The Romantic movement, of which Wordsworth is one of the chief English exponents, may be studied with the aid of Phelps's *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*; Beers's *English Romanticism*; Courthope's *Liberal Movement in English Literature*; and Dowden's *French Revolution and English Literature*.

Biographical study of Wordsworth must be chiefly based on Wordsworth's *Prelude*, an invaluable study of the poet's own development, and his autobiographical Memoranda of 1847. Other works of value are: *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth; Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*; De Quincey, *Lake Poets*; Hazlitt, *First Acquaintance with Poets*; Knight, *Life of Wordsworth* (vols. ix., x., xi. of *Works*), *Memoirs of Coleorton*; *Proceedings, Wordsworth Society* (six vols., selections of which are in *Wordsworthiana*); Myers, *Wordsworth*, "English Men of Letters" series; Symington, *William Wordsworth*; Sutherland, *William Wordsworth*, 2nd ed., 1892; Elizabeth Wordsworth, *William Wordsworth*; Legouls, *Early Life of William Wordsworth, 1770-1798*.

Essays and criticisms of most value are: Arnold, *Introduction to Selections of Wordsworth*; Church, *Dante*, etc.; Dowden, *Studies in Literature*; Morley (Introduction to his ed.); Pater, *Appreciations*; Sarrazin, *Renaissance de la poésie anglaise*; Schérer, *Essays on English Literature*; Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature and Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*; Bagehot, *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning*; Hutton, *Essays*, etc. The best brief introduction to Wordsworth is Magnus, *Primer of Wordsworth*.

Studies of the Lake Country are afforded by Knight, Brooke (*Dorset Cottage*), Burroughs (*Fresh Fields*), Conway (*Harper's*, Dec., 1880, Jan., Feb., 1881), etc.

The best editions are Knight, eleven vols., 1887-1889; Dowden, seven vols., 1892-3; Morley, one vol., 1894; annotated editions of selected poems, Rolfe (*Harper's*), Rowe and Webb (*Macmillan*), Dowden (*Ginn*).

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THE ideals of the eighteenth century are far removed from those of the nineteenth, whether we consider manners, government, or poetry. The men of the eighteenth century were enamored of urban life, especially of London life. London life had acquired for them unequalled zest by the introduction of coffee-houses, which served as centres of discussion and sociability; by the growing importance of newspapers, in which the news of the day was of less interest than the witty essays of Addison and Steele; by the factional fights of Whigs and Tories that followed the introduction of government by party. On the whole, eighteenth century life was devoid of high aims—bishops were politicians, statesmen held power by bribes, gentlemen could be polished rakes—and, unaware of their low-thoughted existence, they had a



cheerful belief that theirs was the best possible world.

Literature reflected this life. The people of the eighteenth century believed without question that their poetry had reached perfection. Boileau was the legislator of the English as well as the French Parnassus, and with Boileau good taste, good sense, polish, elegance were the crowning virtues. Clearness, good sense, directness are great literary virtues, but they are not the greatest virtues of poetry. In the conventional, narrow-thoughted, self-sufficient life of the age, imagination, lofty sentiment, spiritual fire were lost. The theme of literature was limited to man: the social being, and the supreme treatment, following the tone of society, was the most deadly of all possible modes of creative thought—the satiric. The form of poetry likewise reflected the age. Poets found in the iambic rhimed couplet a form of versification that allowed all their virtues to be manifest—polish, symmetry, clarity, the epigrammatic brilliancy in which satire delights, the formal movement that suited their formal ideals of life.

The group of writers who dominated the first half of the eighteenth century—Addison, Pope, Swift—were succeeded by a second group—Goldsmith, Churchill, Johnson—who possessed, in the main, the very characteristics of their predecessors—their restricted sympathies, their urban tastes, their social tendencies, their ideals of correctness founded on a narrow interpretation of the classics, their limited sense of beauty of form, as indicated by the continued reign of the heroic couplet as the orthodox and almost universal mode of poetic expression.

Thus, for a hundred years, song, to use Mr. William Watson's words, had wandered down from celestial heights, ignobly perfect, barrenly content,—

"Unflushed with ardour and unblanched with awe,  
Her lips in profitless derision curled,  
She saw with dull emotion—if she saw—  
The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes  
In whose clear shallows lurked no troubling shade,  
The stars, unkennd by her, might set and rise,  
Unmarked by her, the daisies bloom and fade."

But contemporary with these writers—visible, indeed, even in Goldsmith—there are signs of a new movement that will bear us on in an ever-rising flood to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and the literary awakening of the end of the century.

The latter half of the eighteenth century was a time of transition and enfranchisement. The Seven Years' War brought with it the foundation of the colonial empire of Great Britain; the growth of science evoked theories of life and government—a belief in human perfectibility and in the corruption of the existing social state—that could end only in revolution; democracy was vindicated in the United States of America; the rise of Methodism sent a fresh stream of moral emotion and philanthropy into church and people; everywhere one saw the spread of Rousseauism—subjectivity, individuality, passion for solitude, for nature, return to simple, primitive human life:—all these permeated men's minds, forcing a new outlook on life, fresh interests, and bold innovations.

As the eighteenth century wore on the classical style was felt to be less and less effective as a means of poetic expression. Men grew tired of the monotony of form and expression in literature, just as they grew tired of formal, urban life and a narrow range of feeling and experience. Reaching out for relief from the heroic couplet, they resumed old forms of versifi-

cation, the blank verse of Milton, the epic stanza of Spenser, the ode, the ballad, and the sonnet. In place, too, of a narrow horizon of civic life, they lifted up their eyes and saw either a glorious past or an enchanting future. The chivalric ages, viewed beneath the glamour of Spenser and the new German dramatists; the northern nations, with their ancient mythology and misty mountain scenery, brought within range by Macpherson's *Ossian* and Gray's *Odes*; the very life of the people, expressed in the traditional poetry of England and Scotland, and made accessible by the publication of numerous collections of ballads; even the supernatural, not unknown to the ballad, but specially cultivated by tales of mystery and spectral romance transplanted from Germany; the aspects of nature, not the cool grotto and trim hedges, but the mountain, the storm, the winter landscape—these were the objects filling the new horizon that opened to men's minds; and to this fresh world they came, with minds increasingly sensitive. All Europe was stirring with new emotion, everywhere Rousseau was hailed as the apostle of the feelings and of nature. The ecstasies of Goethe's *Werther* met with "vehement acceptance." The Revolution in men's minds was in progress, passing, before the end of the century, in France, into Political Revolution.

This movement of men's minds towards the picturesque past, towards nature and the supernatural, towards emotion, towards beauty, constitutes the Romantic Movement, to which, during the nineteenth century, we owe our best literature.

With the beginning of the full glory of English Romanticism two names are indissolubly associated—Wordsworth and Coleridge. Others prepared the way; others revealed more or less tentatively some of the characteristics of the movement. Traces of it may be

found in Thomson, whose *Seasons* were completed in 1730; traces of it may be found in Gray, who died in 1771, and whose *Journal in the Lakes* displays a spirit kindred to that of the poet of Grasmere; traces of it may be found in Burns, in whom tender feeling and passion join with appreciation of the beauty possible in the meanest flower and the humblest life. Cowper, the gentlest of poets, was, like Burns, a revolutionist in his political leanings and in his liking for the simplicity of country life; he, too, felt the thrill of communion with Nature, and had a heart that went out to all weak and helpless creatures. Thomson, Gray, Burns, and Cowper, then, all felt the impulse of a new life; but this new life was first manifested in its power in two poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cocker-mouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law, and of Anne Wordsworth, daughter of William Cookson, mercer of Penrith—persons of good yeoman descent and of unpretentious circumstances. His mother early noted the strong character of her son. Of her five children, she said, the only one about whose future life she was anxious was William; he would be remarkable either for good or for evil, for he was, as he said, "of a stiff, moody, and violent temper." His school days were spent at Cocker-mouth, Penrith, and Hawkshead. His childhood truly showed that in him at least the boy was father to the man. Throughout his youthful years he had a passion for out-of-door life. Cocker-mouth is near the Derwent, that blent

A murmur with my nurse's song,  
And . . . . . sent a voice  
That flowed along my dreams.

Bathing in the mill-race, plundering the raven's nest,  
skating, nutting, fishing, such were the golden days

of happy boyhood; and the activities of boyhood lived on in the man. Wordsworth, Elizabeth Wordsworth says, could cut his name in the ice when quite an elderly man. Hawkshead overlooks the near-by Esthwaite lake, and there, in the house of Dame Anne Tyson, Wordsworth spent nine happy years until he reached the age of seventeen. *The Arabian Nights*, Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Swift were his first favourite books. His father interested himself in his training, and through his guidance Wordsworth as a boy could repeat by heart much of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

But Wordsworth was taught by a greater teacher than books. Nature entwined with all his life the sights and sounds of a beautiful and varied country. Before the village of Hawkshead, at a distance of half a mile, lies little Esthwaite lake amidst its meadows; a league to the east the greater Windermere divides Lancashire and Westmoreland; six miles to the north Grasmere and Rydal Mere reflect the shadows of Helvellyn; to the west past Conistone lake and Conistone Old Man lies the Irish Sea. The distant line of mountains, the mists rolling down the valleys, the solitary cliffs, the trembling lakes, cascades of mountain brooks, autumn woods—by these he held

"Unconscious intercourse with beauty  
Old as creation."

It was a "time of rapture," a "seed-time," yielding "unfailing recollections":—

"Ye mountains and ye lakes  
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
If, mingling with the world, I am content  
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
With God and Nature communing, removed  
From little enmities and low desires—  
The gift is yours."

There was something, too, in the humble aspects of his childhood years at Hawkshead—the cottage in which he lived, his frugal fare, the village children his companions, the shepherds' huts he visited—to impress him with an appreciation of the native strength of things, and to establish his spirit kindred with that of Burns,—

"Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth  
How Verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth."

On the death of his father in 1783, Wordsworth came into the charge of his uncles, who some years later sent him to Cambridge. He entered St. John's College in October, 1787, and found his simple north-country life exchanged for one of "invitations, suppers, wine and fruit." He "sauntered, played, or rioted" with his fellow-students, taking little interest in the narrow range of academic pursuits. However, he read classics diligently, studied Italian and the older English poets—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. Throughout his college life he was a dreamer, feeling he "was not for that hour, nor for that place." Vacation released him—once to return to his loved valley of Hawkshead and his boyhood's friends and the "frank-hearted maids of Cumberland"—now seen with clearer but not less loving eye; again to explore the valley of the Dove, Eamont, and other dales of Yorkshire and Cumberland; again to traverse on foot France, Switzerland, and Northern Italy, seeing, as from a distance, the nations awakening to battle in the cause of liberty.

In the first of these vacation rambles, returning homeward to Hawkshead at dawn from some frolic,—

The morning rose, in memorable pomp . . .  
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near

The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds, . . .  
And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—  
Dews, vapours, and the melodies of birds,  
And labourers going forth to till the fields.  
Ah! need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim  
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows  
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me  
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,  
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked  
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Yet though henceforth a dedicated spirit, Wordsworth was still far from seeing clearly the purport of his dedication. At the age of ten he had begun to feel the charm and power of verse. In the last days of his Hawkshead life he felt the stirrings of poetic composition. His first long poem, *An Evening Walk*, written in college vacations, preserves his early consciousness of the natural appearances of the Derwent, Grasmere, and Rydal, and shows the spirit of nature moving below the literary bondage of Pope.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,  
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.  
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,  
To catch the spiritual music of the hill.

Some aspects of life at Cambridge had prompted Wordsworth to verse beside Cam and Thames, but he left college without a definite future. Some months in London, a tour in Wales, then France—France given up to all the hopes and aspirations of the dreamers of universal liberty and a regenerate humanity. Like other young poets of his time, he watched with beating heart the emancipation of human life and spirit in the Revolution.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven!

For thirteen months Wordsworth saw the Revolution in progress, a friend of one of its leaders, an eye-witness of its atrocities. It was the crisis of his life. When England took part against France, he had a "sense of woes to come" and "sorrow for human kind." All things seemed to need new judging—government, precepts, creeds; and the burden of an unintelligible world weighed him down utterly.

Recalled from France at the close of the year 1792, Wordsworth had still the choice of his profession to make, and for neither church nor law could his perturbed spirit find any liking. At this juncture the influence of his sister Dorothy saved him for his real mission.

She whispered still that brightness would return;  
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
A poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
And that alone, my office upon earth.

Wordsworth was never ungrateful to that noblest of women. In the midst of troubles she never flagged in the moments of literary aspiration she was by his side, with sympathetic heart and equal mind.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears:  
And love, and thought, and joy.

In 1793 he published his first volumes, *An Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches*, the latter occupied with his experiences among the Alps. Only two choicest minds seem to have noticed their appearance—Coleridge and De Quincey. "Seldom, if ever," said the former, "was the emergence of an original poet; genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced."



Nature, books, the genial ministrations of his sister, who won him to "a more refined humanity" and "regard for common things," gradually brought composure to his mind. The political deeds of Napoleon completed the disillusionment of his early republican hopes of the school of Rousseau. Clinging to the good as he found it, he became, as years went past, less and less desirous of changes for prospective good, and from the time of Waterloo he opposed all the later efforts of liberalism, even in the best of causes.

The publication of *Descriptive Sketches* was followed by years of uncertainty—journeyings to and fro—in the Isle of Wight, Salisbury Plain, and along the Wye to North Wales. One of his rambles with his sister Dorothy led him from Kendal to Grasmere, and from Grasmere to Keswick.—"the most delightful country we have ever seen," she said. He projected a monthly miscellany, republican but not revolutionary, and was completely out of money when his good friend Raisley Calvert died, leaving him a legacy of 900!. This was the turning point of his fortune. Inspired by his sister, Wordsworth resolved to take up that plain life of high poetic thought which was to result in a pure and lasting fame.

In the autumn of 1795 the brother and sister settled in Racedown Lodge, Crewkerne, Dorset, in a delightful country, with "charming walks, a good garden, and a pleasant home." There Wordsworth wrote his *Imitations of Juvenal*, *Salisbury Plain*, and commenced *The Borderers*. Henceforth he was dedicated to poetry.

Meanwhile, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the son of a Devonshire clergyman, had passed through Christ's Hospital and Cambridge and various projects for reforming the world, such as Pantisocracy, and had finally settled down to matrimony and authorship. He

had first established himself at Clevedon, near Bristol, where he eked out a poor living with hack-work, lecturing, tutoring, varied by some attempts at publishing periodicals and poetry. The last day of 1796 he removed to Nether Stowey.

Nether Stowey lies at the foot of the Quantocks, Somersetshire, a few miles from the Bristol Channel, in a country of clear brooks and wooded hills. In June, 1797, Coleridge visited the Wordsworths at Racedown. The two poets read their compositions to each other,—Coleridge his tragedy of *Osorio*, and Wordsworth his tragedy of *The Borderers*. Thus began the friendship of these two men, a friendship that meant much for themselves, much for English literature. Charmed by the scenery of the Quantocks and the opportunity of being near Coleridge, Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode at Alfoxden, some three miles distant from Stowey and two from the Bristol Channel. The mutual influence of these two great and original minds can hardly be appreciated with exactness; but there can be no doubt that the imaginative and philosophic spirit of Coleridge's nature was the ultimate touch that wrought Wordsworth's genius to the finest issues. His kindred influence, said Wordsworth, found its way to his heart of hearts.

Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved  
Unchecked, or lingered 'mid her sylvan combs,  
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
Did'st chant the vision of that Ancient Man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
Did'st utter of the Lady Christabel.

The period of companionship and mutual stimulus that ensued was marked by the production of poems that are the unmistakable manifestations of the pres-

once of that new spirit of poetry which was to dominate the first half of the century to come.

In the spring of 1798 the two poets planned a pedestrian tour to Linton, purposing to defray its cost by a joint composition, *The Ancient Mariner*, which after discussion fell entirely into Coleridge's hands. The project of one poem expanded and took form in a volume of poems, to which Coleridge contributed a few pieces dealing with the supernatural, and Wordsworth the main body of poems depicting nature and humble life under the modifying colours of the imagination. As Coleridge defined Wordsworth's part: "Subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life: the characters and incidents were such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves." The poems *To My Sister*, *Expostulation and Reply*, *The Tables Turned* are characteristic of Alfoxden life and Wordsworth's new vision of poetry. The memorable volume, opening with *The Ancient Mariner* and closing with *Tintern Abbey*, was called *Lyrical Ballads*, and was published in Bristol in 1798. Wordsworth issued a second edition in 1800, which, with other poems, contained *Nutting* and *Michael*.

Its immediate influence was very slight. The *Monthly Review* considered *The Ancient Mariner* the strangest cock and bull story, a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, though admitting exquisite poetical touches; in general, it called upon the author of the volume to write on more elevated subjects and in a more cheerful disposition. Cottle parted with most of his five hundred copies at a loss, and on going out of business returned the copyright to Wordsworth as valueless. De Quincey and John Wilson were perhaps alone in recognizing the value

of the volume. Originality, it has been said, must create the taste by which it is to be appreciated, and it was some years before a taste for the new poetry was created.

At Alfoxden, then, *Lyrical Ballads* was written, and there, too, *The Borderers* was finished. The latter was Wordsworth's one effort at dramatic composition. It was rejected by the Covent Garden Theatre; concerning which circumstance the poet remarked:

"The moving accident is not my trade;  
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;  
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

*The Rural Cottage*, which became, later, the first book of the *Excursion*, was of a different quality—a sympathetic poem of nature and human life in their interrelation.—Wordsworth's especial sphere. Lamb and Hazlitt, who came down to visit Coleridge, were taken of course to see Wordsworth. Hazlitt, hearing Coleridge read some of his friend's poems, "felt the sense of a new style and a new spirit of poetry come over him."

On the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, Coleridge and Wordsworth were enabled through the generosity of the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, to carry out a long-cherished project of a pilgrimage to Germany, then the shrine of literary devotion. Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on reaching the Continent, passing on to Ratzeburg and Göttingen, while the latter buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure in German society, literature, climate, or tobacco. Driven back upon himself, he took inspiration from the memories of Hawkshead and Alfoxden, and wrote some of his best poems—*Influence of Natural Objects*,

*Nutting, The Poet's Epitaph, The Fountain, Two April Mornings, Ruth*, and the five poems grouped about the name of Lucy. There, too, to depict the history of his mind and of his dedication to poetry, he began *The Prelude*. His stay in Germany ended in July, 1799. In the autumn of that year the brother and sister made excursions through Cumberland and Westmoreland, and were led by the natural beauty of those shires to take up their abode, December, 1799, in Grasmere, Westmoreland, in Dove Cottage, at the eastern extremity of the village, known as Town-end.



FRONT VIEW—DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE—GARDEN SIDE.

Gray has described the Grasmere scenery and De Quincey the Wordsworth cottage—a little white cottage, sheltered in trees, overhung by the lofty mountain ascending behind it; in front, the quiet crystal of Grasmere water\* and the stretching meadow-vale in which lies the village with its embowered houses; all about, the encircling eternal hills, and in their bosom, in those days, quiet peace.

During 1800 the poet wrote *Poems on the Naming of Places, The Brothers, The Pet Lamb*, and that impassioned narrative, breathing the spirit of the Cumber-

\*The view of the lake is now shut off by other buildings.

land mountains, *Michael*. In 1802 he paid a flying visit to France, the memorials of which are the group of sonnets that includes those written at Calais. The same year he married Mary Hutchinson, a schoolmate of his childhood, a wife worthy of his husband and his sister and of the poem *She was a Phantom of Delight*, depicting that perfect woman nobly planned.

In 1807 several volumes of his poems were published, embracing an almost unequalled body of lyric



DOROTHY WORDSWORTH AND MRS. WORDSWORTH.

verse, fruits of seven years perfected by domestic ties, meditation of human nature, human events, and human lives, and study of the meaning and beauty of nature in flower and bird, mountain and stream. Of these volumes are some noble sonnets dealing with contemporary life, *To the Daisy*, *The Solitary Reaper*, *Ode to Duty*, *Elegiac Stanzas*, *Character of a Happy Warrior*, *Personal Talk*, *O Nightingale! thou surely art*, and many other perfect lyrics.

In Dove Cottage until 1808, then for a few years at Allan Bank, a mile away, and the Grasmere parsonage; finally, in a large house, Rydal Mount, overlooking Rydal Mere, nearest neighbour to Grasmere, Wordsworth lived his long life. Friends were about him. Coleridge was at times in Keswick, fifteen miles away (they loved to walk such distances in those days), where Southey also was living; De Quincey took the Dove Cottage when Wordsworth moved to Allan Bank; "Christopher North" was at Elleray, nine miles distant; Dr. Arnold built himself a house at Ambleside, an hour's walk from Rydal Mount. Occa-



RYDAL WATER AND RYDAL MOUNT.  
(WORDSWORTH'S HOME, 1813-1850.)

sionally the poet left his home for long trips to the Continent or to Scotland and Wales, steadily composing under the influences of suggestive scenes. To his tour in 1803 belong the poems referring to Burns. Other excursions gave rise to other groups of poems, published as *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* (1814), *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (1820), *Yarrow Revisited* (1835), and *Memorials of a Tour in Italy* (1837). His sonnets, many of which are gems of lyrical beauty unsurpassed, are chiefly in three series, *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, *On the River Duddon*, and

*Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty*. Of his other chief works, *Peter Bell*, written in 1798, was not published till 1819; the *Excursion*, composed in 1795-1814, was published in 1814; *The White Doe of Rylstone*, written in 1807, was issued in 1815; while *The Prelude*, begun in 1799 and finished in 1805, was printed only after his death. In general, in his later work, in almost all that is subsequent to 1808, Wordsworth failed to retain the imagination and passion of the earlier period; he grew more and more didactic and ecclesiastical, and the joy of poetry took flight from his verse.

About 1830 the years of neglect and ridicule, which Wordsworth had borne with serene mind and unfalter-



GRASMERE CHURCH, AND THE WORDSWORTH GRAVES.

ing trust, changed for years of honour and fame. Oxford bestowed on him a doctor's degree; the nation, with one voice, on the death of Southey in 1843, crowned him with the laurel, "as the just due of the first of living poets"; and the best minds of England, such as Arnold, George Eliot, Mill, acknowledged the strength and blessedness of his influence. When he died, April 23rd, 1850, the greatest English poet of this century, greatest in original force, sincerity, and beauty of thought, greatest as the interpretative voice of Nature, greatest in power of transfiguring human life with the glory of imagination, had passed away



from the world and from Grasmere that guards and  
the Rotha that murmurs beside his grave.

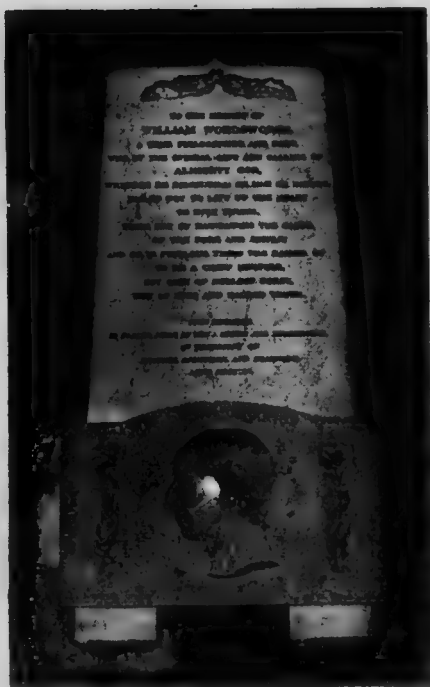
The best personal sketch of the poet is that of Thomas Carlyle, as Wordsworth appeared about 1840: "He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and force; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, distinct and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him businesslike, sedately confident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous; a fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock himself, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow, and well-shaped; rather too much of cheek ('horse-face,' I have heard satirists say), face of a squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (*its length, going horizontal*); he was large-boned, lean, but still firm, tall and strong-looking when he stood; a right; and steel-grey figure, a voracious strength looking to him which might have suited one of those old steel-grey *Margravs* . . . whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches."

The genius of Wordsworth has had no better critic in its weaknesses and its strength than Coleridge. The prominent defects of his poems, according to Coleridge, are:—First, the inconstancy of his style, its sudden

transitions from lines of peculiar felicity to a style not only unimpassioned but undistinguished; second, a not infrequent *matter-of-factness* in certain poems—laborious minuteness, insertion of accidental circumstances; third, an undue predilection for the dramatic form in certain poems; fourth, occasional prolixity, repetition, arising from an intensity of feeling disproportionate to the value of the objects described; fifth, thoughts and images too great for the subject—a sort of mental bombast.

Against these defects Coleridge places very great excellences:—First, an austere purity of language, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning; second, a correspondent weight and sanity of the thought and sentiments—won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation; third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and passages; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction; fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature; fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility, a sympathy with man as man, the sympathy of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of nature; no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine; lastly, and pre-eminently, the gift of imagination in the highest sense of the word. In fancy not always graceful; in imaginative power, he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed. He does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects—

Add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN GRASMERE CHURCH—INSCRIPTION  
WRITTEN BY JOHN KEBLE.



*Portrait by Peter Vandyke, 1794.*

**SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834.**

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[1772-1834.]

REFERENCES.—Biographical study of Coleridge is founded on Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*; on contemporary records and references, such as T. De Quincey, *Lake Poets*; W. Hazlitt, *First Acquaintance with Poets*; J. Cottle, *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*. From these have been written the modern accounts of Coleridge's life:—H. D. Trail, *Life of Coleridge*, in "English Men of Letters" series; T. H. Caine, *Life of Coleridge*, in "Great Writers" series. The problem of Coleridge's relation to the Romantic movement occupies Alois Brandl, *S. T. Coleridge and the English Romantic School*. Criticism of Coleridge's poetry is found in W. Pater, *Appreciations*; J. C. Shairp, *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*; A. C. Swinburne, *Essays and Studies*; Gabriel Sarrazin, *La Renaissance de la poésie anglaise, 1798-1839*.

The best editions of Coleridge's poems are the Globe ed. (ed. J. Dykes Campbell, Macmillan's), one vol.; Aldine ed. (intr. and notes by T. Ashe, George Bell and Sons), two vols.; Household ed. (ed. Derwent and Sarah Coleridge, Appleton), one vol.; Muses Library (ed. Richard Garnett, Scribner's), one vol.

There is *A Bibliography of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, by J. L. Haney, 1903.

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SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was a genius of a very high order. His is one of the first names in modern English poetry; he is the greatest of English translators; and he stands in the front rank among English literary critics and philosophic and religious thinkers. Like Shakspeare, he was "myriad-minded."

Coleridge was born October 21st, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire. He was the youngest son of a kindly

pedantic man, the Rev. John Coleridge, clergyman and pedagogue, on whom the scriptural blessing of many children had already been bestowed. The future poet and metaphysician was remarkable even in boyhood. His life had no childhood, and none of the sports of children. He lived in a world of reading and imagination, "driven from life in motion to life in thought and sensation," as he himself said. He began writing poetry before he was ten years old. When the death of his father broke his home ties, the boy passed to Christ's Hospital, London, a sensitive, timid, dreamy clever boy, cast into a harsh, unsympathetic half-charity school. Clad in blue coat, leather girdle, and yellow stockings, he was turned loose among hundreds of other boys clad in similar blue coats, leather girdles, yellow stockings, underfed, overflogged. There he spent eight years. Coleridge made his mark as a scholar. He got from the school admirable training in Latin and Greek, an unusual acquaintance with English poetry in Shakspeare and Milton, a just taste for the truth, logic, and harmony in the poets. Yet Headmaster Boyer and his cane haunted his dreams. Many an extra lash he had, "because you are such an ugly fellow." The discipline was severe and the life unsympathetic, to an extent that the boy was once tempted to escape and learn shoemaking from a friendly cobbler. Yet the school could not restrain the spirit—

On the leaden roof  
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,  
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds  
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,  
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream.

Before he was fifteen years old his peculiar genius in imagination and expression made itself manifest—

O fair is love's first hope to gentle mind!  
As Eve's first star through fleecy cloudlet peeping;  
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind  
O'er willowy meads, and shadowed waters creeping;

And Ceres' golden fields;—the sultry Hind  
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

In 1788 he wrote *Time, Real and Imaginary* (see Appendix), which exhibits his abstract and philosophic bent of mind even at this early period. Charles Lamb, who entered the school in 1782, records the general admiration of his fellows for a boy who was "logician, metaphysician, bard":—"How have I seen," says the genial Elia, "the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and garb of the young *Mirandula*, to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblicus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic drafts), or reciting Homer in the Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of old Grey Friars re-echoed with the accents of the *inspired charity-boy*."<sup>1</sup>

The last years of his school days are marked by various passions,—for Voltaire, for medicine (his brother was a student in a London hospital), for Miss Evans, a neighbouring dressmaker, and for the poetry of William Lisle Bowles. Bowles by his sympathy with nature and melancholy music of verse was a mild forerunner of romantic poetry, and influenced not Coleridge only, but Wordsworth and Southey as well.

At last Christ's Hospital, with its hard life, the tremendous Boyer, bathing excursions, holidays spent at the Tower of London, or shivering before print-shop windows—blue coat, leather girdle, yellow stockings—was at an end. Coleridge left with impaired health and with "a wide, wild wilderness of useless unarranged book knowledge and book thoughts." In February, 1791, he entered the university of Cambridge, just as Wordsworth left college.

Coleridge's university life was not a success. He won a medal for a Greek ode, it is true, but what pleased him most

<sup>1</sup> See Lamb's "Christ's Hospital," in *Essays of Elia*.

was to fill his rooms with students enthusiastic over the great times that were then dawning gloriously upon the world. The liberty of man, the doctrines of Priestly, Friend, Godwin, the new Romantic poetry, that general renaissance of the human spirit that characterized the Revolution—such ideas fired young men's minds, and were the themes of the rapt monologue of the undergraduate Coleridge. Suddenly, no one knows why, the enthusiast disappeared. When he was discovered, or when his Latinity betrayed him, he was Silas Titus Comberback, trooper in the awkward squad of Elliott's Light Dragoons. Absent-minded, unpractical, poetic, Coleridge was the most awkward in the awkward squad, yet when he returned to Cambridge he set out amidst the cheers of his old comrades.

The most important chapter in Coleridge's university life can be called Pantisocracy. A vacation ramble gave him the companionship of Southey, then the most heterodox and rebellious spirit in Oxford. At Bristol the two friends met, and their scheme to bring about a regenerate world was debated, planned, and—not carried out. They would drop the shackles of convention and prejudice, they pined for a lodge in the vast wilderness. Coleridge's old friend Plotinus had planned a perfect city, Platonopolis, in Campania. They would rear a new Eden in America. There should be no privileges, no laws,—all brotherly love, equality, pantisocracy. It was to rise in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Susquehanna—charming word. The Miss Frickers were willing to go, and as Lovell had married one, and Southey was about to marry another, Coleridge concluded it was but proper to engage himself to a third. Burnet proposed to a fourth, but she concluded to wait. Wives, however, were easier to procure than money, and they needed £2,000 to realize an Eden in America. Cottle, the warm-hearted bookseller, offered Coleridge thirty guineas for his poems, and made the same offer to Southey. The Pantisocrate immediately married; but Southey, having a



tempting position offered him in Portugal, departed for Lisbon; Lovell left for a longer journey; while Coleridge, with the mists of Pantisocracy vanishing in the past, settled down in a £5-a-year cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol, to enjoy his married life;—"send me," he wrote to Cottle, "a riddle slice, a candle-box, two glasses for the wash-hand stand, one dustpan, one small tin tea-kettle, one pair of candlesticks, a Bible, a keg of porter."

A year later, on the last day of 1796, he was in a £7-a-year cottage at Nether Stowey. He wrote for periodicals, preached, lectured, tutored. He even founded a new magazine called the *Watchman*, published in the interests of Truth, which served chiefly to start the editor's fire. "La! sir," said the maid, "why, it's only *Watchmen*!"

At Nether Stowey Coleridge enjoyed the companionship and stimulus of Wordsworth, who was living in the neighbourhood, first near Crewkerne, then at Alfoxden. The nature and results of this association have been spoken of already. (See Introduction, Wordsworth, pp. xix-xxii.) Those years at Nether Stowey (1797 to 1799) were the great years of Coleridge's poetry. They were the years of *The Ancient Mariner*, *The Ode to France*, *Kubla Khan*, and the first part of *Christabel*. *The Ancient Mariner* was the first and most important poem in *Lyrical Ballads*, published 1798.

Before the *Lyrical Ballads* were actually issued, Coleridge had sought occupation as a Unitarian preacher in Shrewsbury. There the Wedgwoods, sons of the great potter, came to his aid, gave him an annuity, and enabled the poet to carry out a long-cherished project of pilgrimage to Germany. Through the same benevolent source, Wordsworth and his sister drew the means of accompanying him.

Coleridge parted company with the Wordsworths on their arrival in Germany, passed on to Ratzburg, where for five months he studied German; then went to Göttingen to attend lectures in philosophy and metaphysics. He re-

turned to London in November, 1779, where, in six weeks, he produced his translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*. It is the greatest translation in English, but German literature was still of doubtful market value, and the copies sold as waste paper. From translating he passed to journalism, in which he was decidedly successful; then threw up flattering offers, and left London for Greta Hall, Keswick, twelve miles from Grasmere.

From this time, with trifling exceptions, Coleridge ceased to write poetry. The *Ode to Dejection* in 1802, and a few pathetic lyrics of the later years of his life, such as *Youth and Age*, *Work without Hope*, which are for the most part laments over lost opportunities and talents ill-spent, virtually complete his poetic career.

Coleridge arrived in Keswick in 1800. Four years later he left England for Malta, wrecked in body and spirit. Exposure in a Scottish outing brought on rheumatism. To relieve this he had recourse to a mysterious black drop, which he learnt later, when under its power, consisted chiefly of opium, and like other great Englishmen of his time he became a slave to the drug. He drifted about from London to Malta, to Sicily, to Rome, back to England, and Keswick.

Ah ! piteous sight was it to see this man,  
When he came back to us a withered flower,  
Or, like a sinful creature, pale and wan.  
Down would he sit ; and without strength and power  
Look at the common grass from hour to hour.

Coleridge went back to London in 1806 to write for *The Courier*. He lectured likewise at the Royal Institution, till his health and his audience failed him. In 1809 he started *The Friend*, which was mismanaged and after twenty-seven numbers collapsed. In 1811-'12 he lectured again with wonderful interpretative insight on *Shakspeare* and *Milton*. He had a gleam of success when his old tragedy of *Osorio* was acted, but his new *Zapolyta* was

refused by the players. In 1816 Coleridge put himself under the care of Dr. Gillman, of the Grove, Highgate, London, and slowly won his way back from the depths of opium bondage to liberty and health.

Those Highgate days were essentially days of philosophy. The printed works of this period, however, are only a small part of the fructifying influence which Coleridge, chiefly by his conversation, exercised on contemporary thought. The records of his life and literary opinions he gathered into his *Biographia Literaria*, 1817. With the publication of *Aids to Reflection*, 1825, the world began to appreciate this neglected genius, and the sage of Highgate became the oracle of men like Maurice, Hallam, and even Carlyle. In November, 1833, feeling his end was approaching, he wrote his epitaph :—

Stop, Christian Passer-by!—Stop, child of God,  
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod  
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.—  
O, lift one thought in prayer for S.T.C. ;  
That he who many a year with toil of breath  
Found death in life, may here find life in death !  
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—  
He ask'd and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same.

On the 25th of July, 1834, he died, and was buried at Highgate.

We owe to Wordsworth's sister, Dorothy, the following picture, which represents Coleridge about June, 1797, in the days of *The Ode to France* and *The Ancient Mariner* :—

"He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. At first I thought him very plain, that is, about three minutes ; he is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing half-curling rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but grey, such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression ; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind, it has

more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I ever witnessed. He has dark eyebrows, and an overhanging forehead."

Wordsworth's description,

A noticeable man with large grey eyes,  
is proverbial.

Coleridge was a genius, as was said, of the first order. And yet he was a man of ideas rather than of works. His hand was rarely equal to his vision. His mind was a vast seething and germinating chaos, where ideas chased one another in endless whirl. Of ordered, practical life and sustained, well-directed activity he was incapable. From the first there was in him a certain lethargy of will that deferred and procrastinated, till the pathetic words of Macbeth were ever on his lips:—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

His life was strewn with wreckage. His poems are a gallery of unfinished sketches, tormenting us with a beauty only half realized; yet, as Sir Walter Scott said, like the Torso of antiquity, they defy any of his poetical brethren to complete them.

Coleridge's poetry is virtually confined to the six years from 1796, the year of the beginning of *The Ancient Mariner* to 1802, the year of the *Ode to Dejection*.

Six years from sixty saved! Yet kindling skies  
Own them a beacon to our centuries.

—Rossetti, *Three English Poets*.

Why Coleridge with his great gift produced so little is a problem of his genius. It may be due to the necessary transiency of poetical inspiration. "Poetry," said Ben Jonson, "is not born every day nor with every man." It may be due to the growth of Coleridge's philosophic power, which preyed upon his creative power in poetry. It was due most likely to the physical breaking-down of the poet through his use of opium. The winter of 1801-02 marks his succumbing to the drug, and in 1802 he writes in ill-health:—

But now afflictions bow me down to earth,  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth ;  
But oh ! each visitation  
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of imagination.

—Ode to Dejection.

In these lines Coleridge singles out the essential characteristic of his genius in poetry—his “shaping spirit of imagination.”

Coleridge did not choose his themes as Wordsworth did, from the normal world. *The Ancient Mariner*, looked at with the eye of reason, is sheer insanity. *Khan* is oriental dream-vision, *Christabel*, sorcery and enchantment. These are the themes of the imaginative world of glamour and romance. These supernatural themes allowed Coleridge to escape into a visionary world built by his “shaping spirit of imagination.” And his treatment of his chosen theme was characteristic. He saw his theme in the light of his own mind, which was sensitive, humane, philosophic, poetic, delighting in beauty in the wild and strange. Yet while he creates a wonder world, he fills it with the beauty of nature and the finest truth of humanity.

Coleridge asks only poetical credence for his work. In *The Ancient Mariner* he does not ask us to believe the story directly, on his own authority. The story is told as if by a Mariner, against a background of every-day life—the wedding-feast. We are present at the telling in the person of the average man, “one of three,” and the fascination that works upon him, holds us ; we yield to the spell and give poetic credence to the increasing wonders of the narrative that follows.

The voyage begins simply and picturesquely ; the story displays in ever-changing panorama the picturesque aspects of sea and ship ; the ice-fields, night in the Tropics, the tropical calm, the weird beauty of the phosphorescent ocean ; the horrors of dying by thirst. Thus we are brought to the state where the marvellous may be imagined and the suf-

fering human brain believe it real,—the spectre ship, Death and Death in-life, the trance, the vision, the home-return with the angel-visitant

There is not only the story of the wonderful scenes of the voyage, there is a pervading spiritual reality. The Mariner makes in his inner life the journey of the sinful, suffering soul. That is the greater voyage—his soul's journey through hardness of heart, sin, alienation from his fellows and God, suffering, penance, expiation, and pardon. His sin was an act of wanton cruelty—the shooting of an unoffending bird in God's universe. He was saved by what he lacked when he sinned—by sympathy, love, reverence for all created life. Thus the awakening of the soul through sin and suffering to love and sympathy, is the implicit human truth of this weird tale, expressed in the lines :—

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The story of *The Ancient Mariner*, to the eye of reason, is, as was said, the story of a half insane sailor, but, by sheer effort of a poet's imagination, it rises into regions of subtlest feeling and thought; scene after scene flashes past in ever-changing beauty; the whole range of human emotion is gone through; it is the world and human life in miniature, of sin and moral recovery, repentance and expiation, and as it rolls before our eyes, an undercurrent of tender feeling charms the heart, and an undertone of music, with cadences subtle as of a hidden brook in sleeping woods, takes captive the ear.

*Christabel*, even more than *The Ancient Mariner*, deals with the world of imagination. It is a story of sorcery with the setting of feudalism, told so as to produce the atmos-

phere of glamour and romance. Like *The Ancient Mariner* there is implicit in the story the finest truth of human life and feeling—the struggle of the innocent maiden strong in her purity with the evil sorceress fascinating in her beauty. In *Kubla Khan* Coleridge went farthest into the realm of the remote and the wonderful—to create pure romantic vision of the Eastern Khan and his stately pleasure-dome, “his miracle of rare device.” The glamour is wrought by the romantic music of the verse, by which the poet builds its walls with music and so builds forever.

With Coleridge, imagination, which during the eighteenth century lived with clipped wings, once more gets eagle-like power and freedom. Coleridge is the poet of imagination moving in the world of the weird and supernatural; he is the poet of glamour and “wizard twilight,” gifted with a magic music of verse. He dwells in the world of wonder and romance, because there his imagination can build at will, but he fills that imaginative world with a fine human content by his touches of natural beauty and suggestions of spiritual truth.





SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH



## WORDSWORTH.

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### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight  
appears,

Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for  
three years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She  
sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lotbury  
glide,

And a river flows on through the vale of Cheap-  
side.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail; 1  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they  
fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15  
And the colors have all passed away from her eyes!

## TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day of March:  
 Each minute sweeter than before  
 The redbreast sings from the will larch  
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air, 5  
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
 To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
 And grass in the green field.

My sister! 'tis a wish of mine)  
 Now that our morning meal is done, 10  
 Make haste, your morning task resign;  
 Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you—and, pray,  
 Put on with speed your woodland dress;  
 And bring no book: for this one day 15  
 We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
 Our living calendar:  
 We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
 The opening of the year. 20

Love, now a universal birth,  
 From heart to heart is stealing,  
 From earth to man, from man to earth:  
 —It is the hour of feeling.

**EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.**

5

One moment now may give us more 35  
Than years of toiling reason:  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts may make,  
Which they will long obey : 30  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls: 35  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
And bring no book: for this one day  
We'll give to idleness. 40

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**EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.**

"Why, William, on that old grey stone,  
Thus for the length of half a day,  
Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
And dream your time away ?

Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed 5  
To Beings else forlorn and blind!



Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed  
From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your Mother Earth,  
As if she for no purpose bore you; 10  
As if you were her first-born birth,  
And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
To me my good friend Matthew spake, 15  
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against, or with our will. 20

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum 25  
Of things for ever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come,  
But we must still be seeking?

—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
Conversing as I may, 30  
I sit upon this old grey stone,  
And dream my time away."

## **THE TABLES TURNED.**

### **THE TABLES TURNED.**

**AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT**

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;  
Or surely you'll grow double:  
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
A freshening lustre mellow  
Through all the long green fields has spread,  
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! on my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it.

10

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher:  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.

15

She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

20

One impulse from a vernal wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of moral evil and of good,  
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; 25  
 Our meddling intellect  
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :—  
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;  
 Close up those barren leaves; 30  
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
 That watches and receives.

### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE  
 IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
 Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!  
 And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion! not in vain,  
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn 5  
 Of childhood did'st thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human soul;  
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;



*INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.*

9

But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and nature; purifying thus 10  
The elements of feeling and of thought,  
And sanctifying by such discipline  
Both pain and fear,—until we recognise  
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me 15  
With stinted kindness. In November days,  
When vapours rolling down the valleys made  
A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods  
At noon; and mid the calm of summer nights,  
When, by the margin of the trembling lake, 20  
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went  
In solitude, such intercourse was mine:  
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
And by the waters, all the summer long.  
And in the frosty season, when the sun 25  
Was set, and, visible for many a mile  
The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,  
I heeded not the summons: happy time  
It was indeed for all of us; for me  
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud 30  
The village-clock tolled six—I wheeled about,  
Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
That cares not for his home.—All shod with steel  
We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
Confederate, imitative of the chase 35

And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.  
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
And not a voice was idle: with the din  
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud; 40  
The leafless trees and every icy crag  
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills  
Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,  
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west 45  
The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
Into a silent bay, or sportively  
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
To cut across the reflex of a star; 50  
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed  
Upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,  
When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still 55  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round! 60  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

## NUTTING.

—It seems a day—

(I speak of one from many singled out)  
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die;  
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth 5  
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung,  
 A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps  
 Tow'rd the far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,  
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds,  
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10  
 By exhortation of the frugal Dame—  
 Motley accoutred, of power to smile  
 At thorns, and brambles, and brambles,—and, in  
 truth,  
 More rugged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,  
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets, 15  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation; but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20  
 A virgin scene!—A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
 As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint,  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed

The banquet;—or beneath the trees I sate 25  
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;  
A temper known to those, who, after long  
And weary expectation, have been blest  
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30  
The violets of five seasons re-appear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
And—with my cheek on one of those green stones 35  
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—  
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure, 40  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,  
And dragged to earth both branch and bough,  
with crash  
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook 45  
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
Their quiet being: and, unless I now  
Confound my present feeling with the past;  
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50

**MICHAEL.**

13

Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.—  
Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades  
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

55

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**MICHAEL.**

**A PASTORAL POEM.**

If from the public way you turn your steps  
Up the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
You will suppose that with an upright path  
Your feet must struggle ; in such bold ascent  
The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.  
But, courage! for around that boisterous brook  
The mountains have all opened out themselves,  
And made a hidden valley of their own.  
No habitation can be seen; but they  
Who journey thither find themselves alone  
With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites  
That overhead are sailing in the sky.  
It is in truth an utter solitude;  
Nor should I have made mention of this Dell  
But for one object which you might pass by,  
Might see and notice not. Beside the brook  
Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones:

5

10

15

And to that simple object appertains  
A story—unenriched with strange events,  
Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20  
Or for the summer shade. It was the first  
Of those domestic tales that spake to me  
Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men  
Whom I already loved:—not verily  
For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25  
Where was their occupation and abode.  
And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy  
Careless of books, yet having felt the power  
Of Nature, by the gentle agency.  
Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30  
For passions that were not my own, and think  
(At random and imperfectly indeed)  
On man, the heart of man, and human life.  
Therefore, although it be a history  
Homely and rude, I will relate the same 35  
For the delight of a few natural hearts;  
And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake  
Of youthful Poets, who among these hills  
Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale 40  
There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name;  
An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs, 45  
And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt  
And watchful more than ordinary men.  
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,  
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,  
When others heeded not, he heard the South 50  
Make subterraneous music, like the noise  
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.  
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock  
Bethought him, and he to himself would say,  
"The winds are now devising work for me!" 55  
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives  
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him  
Up to the mountains: he had been alone  
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,  
That came to him, and left him, on the heights. 60  
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.  
And grossly that man errs, who should suppose  
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,  
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.  
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65  
The common air; the hills, which with vigorous step  
He had so often climbed; which had impressed  
So many incidents upon his mind  
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;  
Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70  
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,  
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,

The certainty of honorable gain;  
Those fields, those hills,—what could they less?—  
    had laid

Strong hold on his affections, were to him      75  
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,  
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.  
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—  
Though younger than himself full twenty years.      80  
She was a woman of a stirring life,  
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels she had  
Of antique form; this large, for spinning wool;  
That small, for flax; and if one wheel had rest  
It was because the other was at work.      85  
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,  
An only Child, who had been born to them  
When Michael, telling o'er his years, began  
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,  
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,      90  
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,  
The one of an inestimable worth,  
Made all their household. I may truly say,  
That they were as a proverb in the vale  
For endless industry. When day was gone,      95  
And from their occupations out of doors  
The Son and Father were come home, even then,  
Their labour did not cease; unless when all



Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,  
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100  
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,  
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their  
meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)  
And his old Father both betook themselves  
To such convenient work as might employ 105  
Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card  
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair  
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,  
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling by the chimney's edge, 110  
That in our ancient uncouth country style  
With a huge and black projection overbrowed  
Large space beneath, as duly as the light  
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp;  
An aged utensil, which had performed 115  
Service beyond all others of its kind.  
Early at evening did it burn—and late,  
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,  
Which, going by from year to year, had found,  
And left the couple neither gay perhaps 120  
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,  
Living a life of eager industry.  
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth  
year,

There by the light of this old lamp they sate,  
 Father and Son, while late into the night 133  
 The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,  
 Making the cottage through the silent hours  
 Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.  
 This light was famous in its neighbourhood,  
 And was a public symbol of the life 130  
 The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,  
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground  
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,  
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,  
 And westward to the village near the lake; 135  
 And from this constant light, so regular  
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING  
 STAR

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140  
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs  
 Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart  
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—  
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same  
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all— 145  
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts  
 That earth can offer to declining man,  
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,  
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they

By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150  
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,  
 His heart and his heart's joy! For oftentimes  
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,  
 Had done him female service, not alone  
 For pastime and delight, as is the use 155  
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced  
 To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked  
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy  
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160  
 Albeit of a stern unbending mind,  
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he  
 Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool,  
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched  
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165  
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,  
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,  
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called  
 The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.  
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170  
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,  
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks  
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed  
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep  
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175  
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the  
 shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew  
up

A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek  
Two steady roses that were five years old;  
Then Michael from a winter coppice co 130  
With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped  
With iron, making it throughout in all  
Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,  
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt  
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 135  
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;  
And, to his office prematurely called,  
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,  
Something between a hindrance and a help;  
And for this cause, not always, I believe, 140  
Receiving from his Father hire of praise; -  
Though nought was left undone which staff, or  
voice,  
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand  
Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights, 145  
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,  
He with his Father daily went, and they  
Were as companions, why should I relate  
That objects which the Shepherd loved before  
Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came 200  
Feelings and emanations—things which were

Light to the sun and music to the wind:  
And that the old Man's heart seemed born again ?

Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew up:  
And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205  
He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived  
From day to day, to Michael's ear there came  
Distressful tidings. Long before the time  
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210  
In surety for his brother's son, a man  
Of an industrious life, and ample means;  
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly  
Had prest upon him; and old Michael now  
Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215  
A grievous penalty, but little less  
Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,  
At the first hearing, for a moment took  
More hope out of his life than he supposed  
That any old man ever could have lost. 220  
As soon as he had armed himself with strength,  
To look his trouble in the face, it seemed  
The Shepherd's sole refuge to sell at once  
A portion of his patrimonial fields.  
Such was his first resolve; he thought again, 225  
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,  
Two evenings after he had heard the news,

"I have been toiling more than seventy years,  
 And in the open sunshine of God's love  
 Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours      230  
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think  
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.  
 Our lot is a hard lot: the sun himself  
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I;  
 And I have lived to be a fool at last      235  
 To my own family. An evil man  
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he  
 Were false to us; and if he were not false,  
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this  
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but      240  
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak  
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.  
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land  
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;      245  
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind  
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,  
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend  
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,  
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go,      250  
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift  
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then  
 He may return to us. If here he stay,  
 What can be done? Where every one is poor,  
 What can be gained?"      255

At this the old man paused,  
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind  
Was busy, looking back into past times.  
There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,  
He was a parish-boy—at the church door 200  
They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence  
And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbors bought  
A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares;  
And, with this basket on his arm, the lad  
Went up to London, found a master there, 205  
Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy  
To go and overlook his merchandise  
Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,  
And left estates and monies to the poor,  
And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, floored 270  
With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.  
These thoughts, and many others of like sort,  
Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,  
And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,  
And thus resumed:—"Well, Isabel! this scheme 275  
These two days, has been meat and drink to me.  
Far more than we have lost is left us yet.  
—We have enough—I wish indeed that I  
Were younger;—but this hope is a good hope.  
—Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best 280  
Buy for him more, and let us send him forth  
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night:  
—If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth  
With a light heart. The Housewife for five days 285  
Was restless morn and night, and all day long  
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare  
Things needful for the journey of her son.  
But Isabel was glad when Sunday came  
To stop her in her work; for, when she lay 290  
By Michael's side, she through the last two nights  
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep :  
And when they rose at morning she could see  
That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon  
She said to Luke, while they two by themselves 295  
Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go:  
We have no other Child but thee to lose,  
None to remember—do not go away,  
For if thou leave thy Father he will die."  
The Youth made answer with a jocund voice ; 300  
And Isabel, when she had told her fears,  
Recovered heart. That evening her best fare  
Did she bring forth, and all together sat  
Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work; 305  
And all the ensuing week the house appeared  
As cheerful as a grove in Spring: at length  
The expected letter from their kinsman came,  
With kind assurances that he would do  
His utmost for the welfare of the Boy; 310



To which, requests were added, that forthwith  
He might be sent to him. Ten times or more  
The letter was read over; Isabel  
Went forth to show it to the neighbours round;  
Nor was there at that time on English land 315  
A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel  
Had to her house returned, the old Man said,  
"He shall depart to-morrow." To this word  
The Housewife answered, talking much of things  
Which, if at such short notice he should go, 320  
Would surely be forgotten. But at length  
She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,  
In that deep valley, Michael had designed  
To build a Sheep-fold; and, before he heard 325  
The tidings of his melancholy loss,  
For this same purpose he had gathered up  
A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge  
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.  
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked: 330  
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,  
And thus the old Man spake to him:—"My Son,  
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full heart  
I look upon thee, for thou art the same  
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth 335  
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.  
I will relate to thee some little part

Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good  
When thou art from me, even if I should touch  
On things thou canst not know of.—After thou 340  
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls  
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away  
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue  
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,  
And still I loved thee with increasing love. 345  
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds  
Then when I heard thee by our own fireside  
First uttering, without words, a natural tune;  
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy  
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed 350  
month,  
And in the open fields my life was passed  
And on the mountains; else I think that thou  
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.  
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,  
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young 355  
Have played together, nor with me didst thou  
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."  
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words  
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,  
And said, "Nay, do not take it so—I see 360  
That these are things of which I need not speak.  
—Even to the utmost I have been to thee  
A kind and a good Father: and herein  
I but repay a gift which I myself

Received at others' hands; for, though now old 365  
Beyond the common life of man, I still  
Remember them who loved me in my youth.  
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,  
As all their Forefathers had done; and when  
At length their time was come, they were not loth 370  
To give their bodies to the family mould.  
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:  
But, 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,  
And see so little gain from threescore years.  
These fields were burthened when they came to me; 375  
Till I was forty years of age, not more  
Than half of my inheritance was mine.  
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,  
—And till these three weeks past the land was free.  
It looks as if it never could endure 380  
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,  
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good  
That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused;  
Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood 385  
Thus, after a short silence, he resumed:  
"This was a work for us; and now, my Son,  
It is a work for me. But, lay one stone—  
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.  
Nay, Boy, be of good hope;—we both may live 390  
To see a better day. At eighty-four  
I still am strong and hale;—do thou thy part;

I will do mine.—I will begin again  
With many tasks that were resigned to thee:  
Up to the heights, and in among the storms, 385  
Will I without thee go again, and do  
All works which I was wont to do alone,  
Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!  
Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast  
With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes— 400  
I knew that thou could'st never have a wish  
To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me  
Only by links of love: when thou art gone,  
What will be left to us!—But, I forget  
My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone, 405  
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,  
When thou art gone away, should evil men  
Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,  
And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,  
And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear 410  
And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou  
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived,  
Who, being innocent, did for that cause  
Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—  
When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see 415  
A work which is not here: a covenant  
'Twill be between us;—but, whatever fate  
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
And bear thy memory with me to the grave."

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped 430  
down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid  
The first stone of the Sheep-fold. At the sight  
The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart  
He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;  
And to the house together they returned. 435  
—Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming  
peace,

Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy  
Began his journey, and when he had reached  
The public way, he put on a bold face;  
And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors, 440  
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,  
That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,  
Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy  
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, 445  
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were through-  
out

"The prettiest letters that were ever seen."  
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.  
So, many months passed on; and once again  
The Shepherd went about his daily work 440  
With confident and cheerful thoughts; and now  
Sometimes when he could find a leisure hour  
He to that valley took his way, and there

Wrought at the Sheep-fold. Meanwhile Luke began  
To slacken in his duty; and, at length, 445  
He in the dissolute city gave himself  
To evil courses: ignominy and shame  
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last  
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love; 450  
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain, or break the heart:  
I have conversed with more than one who well  
Remember the old Man, and what he was  
Years after he heard this heavy news. 455  
His bodily frame had been from youth to age  
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks  
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,  
And listened to the wind; and, as before,  
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep, 460  
And for the land, his small inheritance.  
And to that hollow dell from time to time  
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
The pity which was then in every heart 465  
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all  
That many and many a day he thither went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen  
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog, 470

**THE SOLITARY REAPER.**

31

Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.  
The length of full seven years, from time to time,  
He at the building of this Sheep-fold wrought,  
And left the work unfinished when he died.  
Three years, or little more, did Isabel 475  
Survive her husband: at her death the estate  
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand.  
The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR  
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the  
ground  
On which it stood; great changes have been 480  
wrought  
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left  
That grew beside their door; and the remains  
Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen  
Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll. 484

---

**THE SOLITARY REAPER.**

Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt

More welcome notes to weary bands 10

Of travellers in some shady haunt,

Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard

In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,

Breaking the silence of the seas 15

Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—

Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago: 20

Or is it some more humble lay,

Familiar matter of to-day?

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,

That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang 25

As if her song could have no ending;

I saw her singing at her work,

And o'er the sickle bending;—

I listened, motionless, and still;

And, as I mounted up the hill, 30

The music in my heart I bore,

Long after it was heard no more.



THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND  
SHOWER.

Three years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown;  
This Child I to myself will take,  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own.

6

Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

20

She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

15

The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motion of the Storm  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

20

The stars of midnight shall be dear 28  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face. 30

And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
 While she and I together live 3  
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
 She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene; 40  
 The memory of what has been,  
 And never more will be.

---

#### TO A SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain,  
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain: 10  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood 15  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine:  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

---

THE GREEN LINNET.

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me spread  
 Of spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequestered nook how sweet 5  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
 My last year's friends together.

Once have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest: 10  
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
 In joy of voice and pinion!

Thou, Linnet! in thy green array  
Presiding Spirit here to-day  
Dost lead the revels of the May ; 15  
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
Make all one band of paramours,  
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
Art sole in thy employment; 20  
A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair ;  
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees 25  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies.  
Yet seeming still to hover ;  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings 30  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
A Brother of the dancing leaves;  
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves 35  
Pours forth his song in gushes;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mocked and treated with disdain  
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes. 40

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe New-comer ! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass 5  
Thy twofold snout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to; that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ; 25  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be 20  
An unsubstantial, faery place;  
That is fit home for Thee!

---

### SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; 5  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty,  
A countenance in which did meet 15  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.* 20

A Creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A Traveller between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect Woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light. 30

SCORN NOT THE SONNET; CRITIC, YOU  
HAVE FROWNED.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;       5  
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned

His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land   10  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!



UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
SEPT. 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

5

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

10

The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR  
CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Fair Star of evening, Splendour of the west,  
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink  
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink  
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,

Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest, 5  
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,  
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st  
wink,

Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest

In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot  
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies. 10  
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,

One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook 5  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
No grandeur now in nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry: and these we adore: 10  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence.  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

## LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour.  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower                    5  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

**IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE  
FLOOD.**

It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood 5  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish; and to evil and to good

Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung 10  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue

That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY WHAT  
HAS TAMED.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed

I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ? 5  
Now when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee; we who find 10  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled:

What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

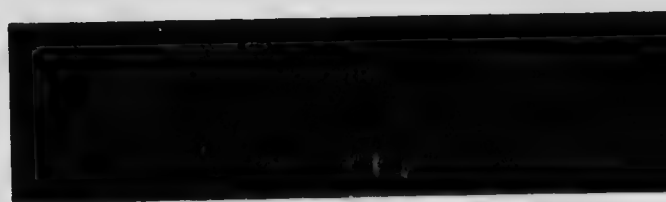
Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee      5  
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly  
    striven:

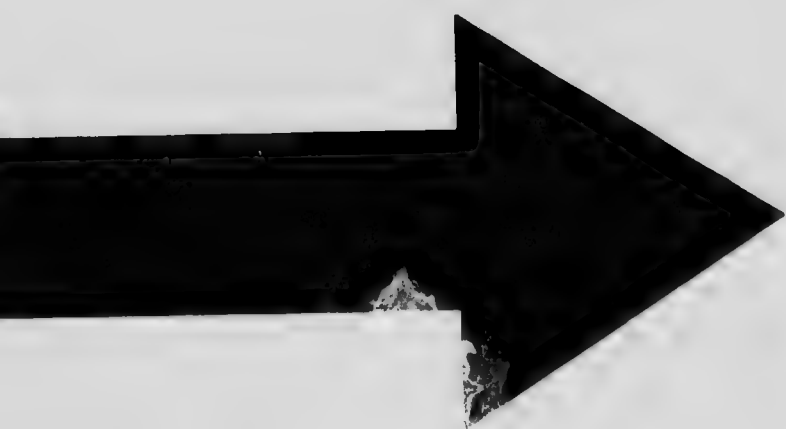
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;  
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!







# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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## TO SLEEP.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5  
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth: 10  
So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

*TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK.*

43

**BROOK ! WHOSE SOCIETY THE POET  
SEEKS.**

Brook ! whose society the poet seeks,  
Intent his wasted spirits to renew ;  
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue  
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,  
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks ; 5  
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,  
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do  
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,  
Channels for tears ; no Naiad shouldst thou be,—  
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs : 10  
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee  
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,  
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good ;  
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,  
CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—  
Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense

And glorious Work of fine intelligencel 5  
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely-calculated less or more;  
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells, 10  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

*KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CONTINUED.*

They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;  
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;

Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam 5  
Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath  
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or let my path  
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome

Hath typified by reach of daring art  
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest, 10  
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread

As now, when She hath also seen her breast  
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part  
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead.

## TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower, whose home is everywhere!  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long year through the heir  
     Of joy or sorrow;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough!

5

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season?

10

15

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.

20

## ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth:  
 Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot;  
 Who do thy work, and know it not:  
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around  
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed;  
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.



I, loving freedom, and untried: 25  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control; 35  
But in the quietness of thought:  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires:  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are  
fresh and strong.

*ELEGIAC STANZAS.*

55

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
I call thee: I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give; 55  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

---

*ELEGIAC STANZAS.*

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A  
STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.  
So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! 5  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.  
How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep;  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings: 10  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

Ah! *then*,—if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land, 15  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine  
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—  
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease, 25  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
No motion but the moving tide, & breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart.  
Such Picture would I at that time have made: 30  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;  
I have submitted to a new control:  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore; 35  
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been  
 the Friend,  
 If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
 This work of mine I blame not, but commend;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well, 45  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
 That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves, 50  
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling  
 waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
 Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55  
 Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

WORDSWORTH.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND  
OTHER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.

The Minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5  
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,  
Nor check, the music of the strings; 10  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand!

And who but listened?—till was paid  
Respect to every Inmate's claim;  
The greeting given, the music played, 15  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "Merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills; 20  
And it is given thee to rejoice:

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 25  
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light  
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds;  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door 35  
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
To hear—and sink again to sleep!  
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40  
By blazing fire, the still suspense  
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;  
And some unbidden tears that rise 45  
For names once heard, and heard no more;

Tears brightened by the serenade  
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,  
With ambient streams more pure and bright 50  
Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
Is to my heart of hearts endeared  
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room withdraws;  
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,  
And ye, that guard them, Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought  
That slights this passion, or condemns;  
If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
From the proud margin of the Thames,  
And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65  
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
Short leisure even in busiest days;  
Moments, to cast a look behind,  
And profit by those kindly rays 70  
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din  
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
A pleased attention I may win  
To agitations less severe,  
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
But fill the hollow vale with joy!

75

---

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun!  
Like a fair sister of the sky,  
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
The mountains looking on.

5

And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,  
Albeit uninspired by love,  
By love untaught to ring,  
May well afford to mortal ear  
An impulse more profoundly dear  
Than music of the Spring.

10

For *that* from turbulence and heat  
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
In nature's struggling frame,  
Some region of impatient life;  
And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
Therein a portion claim.

15



This, this is holy;—while I hear  
 These vespers of another year, 20  
     This hymn of thanks and praise,  
 My spirit seems to mount above  
 The anxieties of human love,  
     And earth's precarious days.  
 But list!—though winter storms be nigh 25  
 Unchecked is that soft harmony :  
     There lives Who can provide  
 For all His creatures ; and in Him,  
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,  
     These choristers confide. 30

---

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

Departing summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
     The gentlest look of spring;  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade, 5  
     A timely caroling.  
 No faint and hesitating trill,  
 Such tribute as to winter chill  
     The lonely redbreast pays!  
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din, 20  
 From social warblers gathering in  
     Their harvest of sweet lays.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

63

Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
Me, conscious that my leaf is aere,  
And yellow on the bough:—  
Fall, rosy garlands, from my head!  
Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
Around a younger brow!

15

Yet will I temperately rejoice:  
Wide is the range and free the choice  
Of undiscordant themes;  
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
And passion's feverish dreams.

20

For deathless powers to verse belong,  
And they like Demi-gods are strong  
On whom the Muses smile;  
But some their function have disclaimed,  
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed  
To enervate and defile.

25

30

Not such the initiatory strains  
Committed to the silent plains  
In Britain's earliest dawn:  
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,  
While all too-daringly the veil  
Of nature was withdrawn!

35



Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
Inflamed by sense of wrong;  
Woe ! woe to Tyrants ! from the lyre 40  
Broke threateningly in sparkles dire  
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page  
By wingèd love ascribed, to assuage  
The pangs of vain pursuit; 45  
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid  
With finest touch of passion swayed  
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculanean lore, 50  
What rapture! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted scroll  
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth 55  
Of poesy; a bursting forth  
Of genius from the dust:  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we enfold ?  
Can haughty Time be just ! 60

COLERIDGE.

---

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.



# COLERIDGE.

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## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

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*FACILE* credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, inter ea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.—T. BURKET. *ARCHÆOL. PHIL.* p. 66.

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### PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.

“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient  
Mariner  
meeteth  
three gal-  
lants bidden  
to a wedding-  
feast, and  
detaineth  
one.

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,      5

And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set;

May'st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 "There was a ship," quoth he. 10  
 "Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is  
 spell-bound  
 by the eye of  
 the old sea-  
 faring man,  
 and con-  
 strained to  
 hear his  
 tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
 The wedding-guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child : 15  
 The Mariner nath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :  
 He cannot choose but hear ;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
 Merrily did we drop  
 Below the kirk, below the hill,  
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner  
 tells how the  
 ship sailed  
 southward  
 with a good  
 wind and fair  
 weather, till  
 it reached  
 the line.

The sun came up upon the left, 25  
 Out of the sea came he !  
 And he shone bright, and on the right  
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
 Till over the mast at noon— 30  
 The wedding-guest here beat his breast,  
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

*THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.* 69

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

23 The wedding-guest  
heareth the  
bridal music ;  
but the mar-  
iner con-  
tinueth his  
tale.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on the ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship  
drawn by a  
storm toward  
the south  
pole.

With sloping mast and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

45

50

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

55 The land of  
ice and of  
fearful  
sounds,  
where no  
living thing  
was to be  
seen.



The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 The ice was all around : 60  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and  
 howled,  
 Like noises in a swound !

Till a great  
 sea-bird,  
 called the  
 Albatross,  
 came  
 through  
 the snow-fog  
 and was re-  
 ceived with  
 great joy  
 and hospi-  
 tality.

At length did cross an albatross,  
 Through the fog it came ;  
 As if it had been a Christian soul, 65  
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew.  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
 The helmsman steered us through ! 70

And lo ! the  
 albatross  
 proveth a  
 bird of good  
 omen, and  
 followeth  
 the ship as  
 it returned  
 northward  
 through fog  
 and floating  
 ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
 The albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75  
 It perched for vespers nine ;  
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
 Glimmered the white moon-shine.

The ancient  
 Mariner  
 inhospitably  
 killeth the  
 pious bird of  
 good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !  
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus !— 80  
 Why look'st thou so ?"—With my crossbow  
 I shot the albatross.

PART II.

THE sun now rose upon the right :  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 25  
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for 'ood or play  
 Came to the mariner's hollo! 30

And I had done an hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe :  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay, 35  
 That made the breeze to blow !

His ship-  
 mates cry  
 out against  
 the ancient  
 Mariner for  
 killing the  
 bird of good  
 luck.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious sun uprist :  
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist. 100  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

When  
 the fog  
 cleared off  
 they justify  
 the same,  
 and thus  
 make them-  
 selves ac-  
 complices in  
 the crime.

The fair  
breeze con-  
tinues; the  
ship enters  
the Pacific  
Ocean, and  
sails north-  
ward, even  
till it reaches  
the Line.

The ship  
hath been  
suddenly  
becalmed.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

106

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

110

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

115

And the al-  
batross be-  
gins to be  
avenged.

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink.

120

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
'That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

125

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green and blue and white.

130

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

A spirit had followed them : one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning

whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought 135  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the albatross  
About my neck was hung.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, 140  
would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

## PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A weary time! a weary time! 145

How glazed each weary eye,

When looking westward, I beheld

A something in the sky.

The ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth a  
sign in the  
element afar  
off.

At first it seemed a little speck,

And then it seemed a mist; 150

It moved and moved, and took at last

A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!

And still it neared and neared:

As if it dodged a water-sprite, 155

It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer  
approach, it  
seemeth him  
to be a ship;  
and at a dear  
ransom he  
freeth his  
speech from  
the bonds of  
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,

We could nor laugh nor wail;

Through utter drought all dumb we stood!

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 100

And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,

Agape they heard me call:

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in, 165  
As they were drinking all.

A flash of  
joy;

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel! 170

And horror  
follows. For  
can it be a  
ship that  
comes on-  
ward without  
wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame.  
The day was well nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly 175  
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face. 180

It seemeth  
him but the  
skeleton of a  
ship.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun 185  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the  
setting sun.  
The spectre-  
woman and  
her death-  
mate, and no  
other on  
board the  
skeleton-  
ship.

Like vessel,  
like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190  
Her locks were yellow as gold :  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

Death and  
Life-in-  
Death have  
diced for the  
ship's crew,  
and she (the  
latter) win-  
neth the  
ancient  
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came, 195  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
"The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !"   
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight  
within the  
courts of the  
MUSE.

The sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out ;  
At one stride comes the dark ; 200  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising  
of the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up !  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip ! 205  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
white ;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned moon, with one bright star 210  
Within the nether tip.

One after  
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. 77

Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

215

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

His ship-  
mates drop  
down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

220 But Life-in-  
Death begins  
her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner.

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou are long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand."<sup>1</sup>

225 The wed-  
ding guest  
feareth that  
a spirit is  
talking to  
him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—

Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest!  
This body dropt not down.

230 But the an-  
cient Mari-  
ner assureth  
him of his  
bodily life,  
and proceed-  
eth to relate  
his horrible  
penance.

<sup>1</sup> For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed."



Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
 Alone on a wide wide sea !  
 And never a saint took pity on  
 My soul in agony.

235

He despiseth  
 the creatures  
 of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful !  
 And they all dead did lie :  
 And a thousand thousand slimy things  
 Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth  
 that they  
 should live,  
 and so many  
 lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
 And drew my eyes away ;  
 I looked upon the rotting deck,  
 And there the dead men lay.

240

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as dry as dust.

245

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
 And the balls like pulses beat ;  
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the  
 sky

250

Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the  
 curse liveth  
 for him in

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
 Nor rot nor reek did they :

The look with which they looked on me      255      the eye of  
Had never passed away.      the dead  
men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !      260  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And no where did abide :  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—  
In his lonell-  
ness and  
fix'dness he  
yearneth to-  
wards the  
journeying  
moon, and  
the stars that  
still sojourn.  
yet still move onward ; and every where the blue sky belongs to them.  
and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own  
natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are cer-  
tainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemoeked the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charm'd water burned alway      270  
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light      275  
Fell off in hoary flakes.  
By the light  
of the moon  
he beholdeth  
God's crea-  
tures of the  
great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire :  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 They coiled and swam ; and every track 280  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty  
 and their  
 happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue

Their beauty might declare :

A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He bleaseth  
 them in his  
 heart.

And I blessed them unaware : 285

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,

And I blessed them unaware.

The spell be-  
 gins to  
 break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;

And from my neck so free

The albatross fell off, and sank 290

Like lead into the sea.

#### PART V.

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole !

To Mary Queen the praise be given !

She sent the gentle sleep from heaven, 295

That slid into my soul.

By grace of  
 the holy  
 Mother, the

The silly buckets on the deck,

That had so long remained,

I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;  
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

ancient Ma-  
riner is re-  
freshed with  
rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank ;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs : 305  
I was so light—almost.  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
It did not come anear ; 310  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

He hearth  
sounds and  
seeth strange  
sights and  
commotions  
in the sky  
and the ele-  
ment.

The upper air burst into life !  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about ! 315  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
And the rain poured down from one black  
cloud ; 320

The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The moon was at its side :  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 The lightning fell with never a jag, 325  
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies  
 of the ship's  
 crew are  
 inspired, and  
 the ship  
 moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
 Yet now the ship moved on !  
 Beneath the lightning and the moon  
 The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
 It had been strange, even in a dream,  
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ; 335  
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do ;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee :  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said nought to me.

But not by  
 the souls of  
 the men, not  
 by demons

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !" 345  
 Be calm, thou wedding-guest ;

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corse came again.  
But a troop of spirits blest :

of earth or  
middle air,  
but by a  
blessed troop  
of angelic  
spirits, sent  
down by the  
invocation of  
the guardian  
saint.

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms;  
And clustered round the mast ; 351  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun ; 355  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are, 360  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song, 365  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June, 370

That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath. 375

The lone-  
some spirit  
from the  
south-pole  
carries on  
the ship as  
far as the  
line, in obe-  
dience to the  
angelic  
troop, but  
still re-  
quireth  
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go. 380  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion— 385  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound ; 390  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar  
spirit's fel-  
low demons,  
the invisible  
inhabitants  
of the

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life returned, 395

I heard, and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew :  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."

element, take  
part in his  
wrong; and  
two of them  
relate, one  
to the other,  
that penance  
long and  
heavy for  
the ancient  
Mariner  
hath been  
accorded to  
the Polar  
spirit, who  
returneth  
southward.

400

405

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the ocean doing?

410

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast;

415



His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go ;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see ! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.

430

## FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner  
hath been  
cast into a  
trance ; for  
the angelic  
power caus-  
eth the vessel

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind ?

## SECOND VOICE.

2  
cu.

The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

435

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
Or we shall be belated :  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The super-  
natural mo-  
tion is re-  
tarded ; the  
Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather :  
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;  
The dead men stood together.

430

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the moon did glitter.

435

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never passed away :  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen— 445

The curse is  
finally ex-  
plated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend 450  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made :  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460  
Yet she sailed softly too :

Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see?

465

And the an-  
cient Mari-  
ner behold-  
eth his native  
country.

Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

470

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

480

The angelic  
spirits leave  
the dead  
bodies,

And appear  
in their own  
forms of  
light.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:

485

I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man, 490  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land  
Each one a lovely light; 495

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars 500  
I heard the pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast: 505  
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the hermit good!



I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along ;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the wolf's young."

"Dear Lord ! it had a fiendish look—  
(The pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on !" 540  
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred ;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard. 545

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread :  
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ship  
suddenly  
sinketh.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550  
Which sky and ocean note,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the pilot's boat. 555

The ancient  
Mariner is  
saved in the  
pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
 The boat spun round and round ;  
 And all was still, save that the hill  
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked 560  
 And fell down in a fit ;  
 The holy hermit raised his eyes,  
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the pilot's boy,  
 Who now doth crazy go, 565  
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
 His eyes went to and fro.  
 "Ha ! ha !" quoth he, "full plain I see,  
 The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, 570  
 I stood on the firm land !  
 The hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
 And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient  
 Mariner  
 earnestly  
 entreateth  
 the hermit  
 to shrieve  
 him ; and  
 the penance  
 of life falls  
 on him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !" 575  
 The hermit crossed his brow.  
 "Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
 What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
 With a woful agony,

Which forced me to begin my tale ; 580  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour  
That agony returns :  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

And ever  
and anon  
throughout  
his future  
life and  
agony con-  
straineth him  
to travel  
from land to  
land ;

I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
I have strange power of speech ;  
The moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me :  
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :  
And hark the little vesper bell, 600  
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea :  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !—



To walk together to the kirk, 608  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,  
 by his own  
 example,  
 love and re-  
 verence to  
 all things  
 that God  
 made and  
 loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell 610  
 To thee, thou wedding-guest!  
 He prayeth well, who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
 All things both great and small; 615  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
 Whose beard with age is hoar,  
 Is gone: and now the wedding-guest 620  
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
 And is of sense forlorn:  
 A sadder and a wiser man,  
 He rose the morrow morn. 625

NOTES.



## NOTES ON WORDSWORTH.

### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

**Text.** The text of this and other poems of Wordsworth is Knight's reprint of Wordsworth's final text of 1849. Various readings of other editions are given, partly from collations, chiefly from Knight's and Dowden's list of variants.

**Composition and publication.** "This arose out of my observation of the affecting music of these birds hanging in this way in the London streets during the freshness and stillness of the spring morning."—Fenwick Note.<sup>1</sup>

It was written in 1797, and published in 1800.

**Title.** The poem in the editions prior to 1815 has the title, *Poor Susan*. The first edition, 1800-01, had an additional final stanza, wisely omitted in 1802. Why?

Poor Outcast! return—to receive thee once more  
The house of thy Father will open its door,  
And thou once again, in thy plain russet gown,  
May'st near the thrush sing from a tree of its own.

**Theme.** In this and the eleven poems that follow we have a series developing Wordsworth's philosophy of the relation of nature and human life. This philosophy should be studied in detail in each new poem. The present poem illustrates Wordsworth's teaching,—that nature can enrich the memory with scenes of ever-recurring joy.

These beauteous forms  
Through a long absence have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;  
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness sensations sweet,

---

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth dictated many memoranda concerning his poems to Miss Fenwick in the year 1843. These are referred to here as Fenwick Note.

Felt in the blood and felt along the heart  
And passing even unto my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration.

—*Lines composed above Tintern Abbey.*

Note the three parts of the psychological experience. The thrush suddenly heard in the silent early morning recalls to a country-bred girl the associated circumstances of her life in the country. In the rush of memory, her surroundings—even the city streets—transform themselves to that early landscape. But the real presence in, and the happy illusion is fled beyond recall.

**Page 3.** ll. 1, 7, 8. **Wood Street, Lothbury, Cheapside.** The references suggest the centre of London—Wood Street running between Cheapside, which is the chief approach from the west to the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, etc., and Gresham Street, a continuation of Lothbury, the street parallel to Cheapside on the north side of the Bank.

l. 2.—**Hangs.** Till 1820, *There's a*.

**a thrush.** Also called the throistle or mavis, "a large, handsome bird, with a speckled plumage of yellowish or reddish-brown or white." The song is most noticeable in early morning and late evening—"a flute-like melody . . . full of rich cadence, and clear and deep." Cf.

Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest  
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;  
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain  
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,  
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.

—Wordsworth, *Sonnet, Hark! 'tis the Thrush.*

## TO MY SISTER.

**Composition and publication.** This poem was composed in 1798, in front of Alfoxden House (Fenwick note), and first published in *Lyrical Ballads*, first ed., 1798.

The title will be clearer if the earlier title in the edd. 1798-1815 be recalled—"Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they were addressed." The present title was adopted in 1845.

**Theme.** Ostensibly chronicling a trivial incident in daily life, the poem really develops a fundamental part of the new philosophy of nature. Here W. gives, as it were, the way in which we can most freely gain from nature the gift she has to bestow.

**Page 4. My Sister.** Dorothy Wordsworth, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger and only sister of William. She was born in 1771, and lived until 1788 with her uncle at Fornsett Rectory, Norwich. She became devotedly attached to the poet, and put aside the attractions of the worldly society open to her to join herself to her brother's fortunes. Their life at Racedown, Alfoxden, and Grasmere was one of poverty and self-denial, joined with high intellectual and emotional delight in nature and poetry. In 1832 her mind was affected and she remained an invalid till her death in 1855. See also Introductions, pp. xviii, xxvii.

Coleridge describes Dorothy Wordsworth:—"She is a woman indeed, in mind I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expect to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; or if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.'"

Her information various; her life watchful in minutest observation of nature; and her taste a perfect electrometer." De Quincey's testimony is that "Some subtle fire of impassioned intellect burned within her."

Further study of this admirable woman can be made in Wordsworth's other poems, *To a Butterfly* (both poems), *The Sparrow's Nest*, *Prelude*, Bks. xi., xii., xiv., *Recluse*, and in De Quincey, *Lake Poets—Wordsworth*, and her own *Journals*, edited by Knight (Macmillan).

1. 1.—It is the first mild day of March. Cf. the opening of another poem of the same time and place—

I heard a thousand blended notes, etc.

The season is that of southern England.

1. 2.—before. The punctuation of our text is the reading of all standard editions.

1. 3.—the tall larch. "The larch mentioned . . . was standing when I revisited the place in May, 1841, more than forty years after."—Wordsworth. It is now gone.

1. 7.—Mountains. The Quantock Hills. See Introduction.

1. 11.—Your morning task. Dorothy's Journal at Alfoxden makes very clear that the household work was done by her—washing, ironing, hanging out linen, going for eggs. Memoranda of that sort are varied by such records as this: "*March 6th*. A pleasant morning, the sea white and bright, and full to the brim. I walked to see Coleridge in the evening. William went with me to the wood," etc.

1. 13.—Edward. "My little boy messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu."—(Wordsworth.) This child, the son of a London barrister, was in Wordsworth's charge for a few years. See Wordsworth's *Anecdote for Fathers*.

1. 17.—No joyless forms. Note the reaction from even the calendar of civilization.

l. 23.—From *eternity* to man, from man to earth. The eternal dialogue of the spirit of man and the spirit of the universe—Wordsworth's essential teaching. This is more definitely taught in the *Influence of Natural Objects*, where he tells how the Soul of the universe wove into his being the "helpful passions" of life through intercourse in solitude amidst woods, hills, and quiet lakes. One finds the same thought current in *Nutting*.

Page 5. ll. 25-6.—One moment now . . . toiling reason. A further development of Wordsworth's philosophy. The spirit of man that is quietly receptive of the influences of nature, may gain from it, he held, more truth and strength than from the study of books or human affairs. The same theory is the basis of the four poems that follow this and others, such as *Three Years She Grew in Sun and Shower* and, in part, *The Highland Girl*. Thoreau, the recluse of Walden, believed the theory. Rousseau is largely responsible for this belief in the high efficacy of nature as a teacher of humanity. Wordsworth's views in this respect are derived, with large modifications, from Rousseau. Their value has been criticised; a recent writer, Mr. Davison, in his *Rousseau and Education according to Nature*, pronounces Wordsworth's philosophy "immoral to the core"—which is wild.

The reading till 1836 was—

Than fifty years of reason.

l. 29.—may make. Till 1826 this read—will make.

l. 33f.—the blessed power that rolls, etc. What is this "blessed power?" Wordsworth was scarcely a pantheist. It is true he says—

I felt the sentiment of Being spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still.

—*Prelude*, ll.

Yet "Nature's self" he defines as "the breath of God."

It is "blessed," since he finds in it—

A never-failing principle of joy  
And purest passion.—*Prelude*, ll.



l. 35.—*frame the measure.* Dispose so as to harmonize (with a certain sentiment). The phrase develops the thought in ll. 31, 32, which is continued in l. 36.

l. 36.—*They shall be tuned to love.* This is the best teaching of the new poets; Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley unite in glorifying loving kindness as the saving spirit of humanity.

### EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

*Circumstances of composition.* This poem belongs to the same period as the preceding. "It was composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798." (Fenwick Note.) It was first printed in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798. "This poem is a favourite among the Quakers, as I have learnt on many occasions." (Fenwick Note.)

*Theme.* Again is Wordsworth's philosophy here implicit. Some one reproaches the poet with dreaming through the day, neglecting books; but his reply is that our senses, our intuitive self, can put us in touch with the truest source of knowledge, if we, being watchful of them, let them act. Then, said the poet elsewhere,—

We are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

—*Tintern Abbey.*

"Wordsworth," says Shairp, "had felt, and after reflection had made the feelings a noted and habitual conviction, that the world without him, the thing we call Nature, is not a dead machine, but something pervaded by a life—sometimes he calls it a soul; that this living Nature was a unity; that there was that in it which awoke in him calmness, awe, and tenderness; that this

infinite life in Nature was not something which he attributed to Nature, but that it existed external to him, independent of his thoughts and feelings, and was in no way the creation of his own mind; that, though his faculties in nowise created those qualities in Nature, they might go forth and aspire towards them, and find support in them . . . The invisible voice which came to him through the visible universe was not in him, as has often been asserted, a Pantheist conception. Almost in the same breath he speaks of

Nature's self, which is the breath of God,  
and

His pure word by miracle revealed.

He tells us that he held the speaking face of earth and heaven to be an organ of intercourse with man,—

Established by the sovereign intellect  
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,  
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,  
A deathless spirit."

—*On Poetic Interpretation of Nature.*

Thoreau's testimony is here of interest. "Sometimes, on a summer morning, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, wrapt in a reverie, amidst the pines and hickories and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang in solitude around or flitted noiseless through the house. . . I grew in those seasons like corn in the night."—*Walden*, "Sounds."

The opinion of the Philistine of this theory is voiced in Macaulay's comment on *The Prelude*:—"There are the old flimsy philosophy about the effects of scenery on the mind; the old crazy mystical metaphysics," etc.

**Title.** Note the significance of the title as respects the two views of how to gain wisdom, voiced by Matthew and the poet.

Page 6. l. 7.—the spirit breathed, etc. This is almost Milton's noble praise:—"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—*Areopagatica*.

ll. 10-12.—no purpose, etc. Referring to the ordinary pursuits of life, and to the achievements of men of learning—both of which the poet is said to neglect.

l. 13.—*Esthwaite Lake*. The little lake at Hawkshead, Lancashire. (See Introduction.)

Of before the hours of school  
I travelled round our little lake, five miles  
Of pleasant wandering.

—*Prelude*, ll.

l. 15.—*Matthew*. Representative of the lover of books. Matthew, who is associated with various poems (e. g. *Matthew*), is only in part drawn from Wordsworth's beloved headmaster of the Hawkshead school, the Rev. William Taylor. "Like the Wanderer in *The Excursion*, this schoolmaster was made up of several, both of his class and men of other occupations."—Fenwick Note.

l. 32.—dream my time away. Wordsworth does not despise books, as may be seen in *Personal Talk*:—

And books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good :  
Blessings be on them—and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler lives, and nobler cares—  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !

Yet they are second in power to Nature—

Speak of them as Powers  
Forever to be hallowed ; only less . . .  
Than Nature's self.

—*Prelude*, v.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

**Circumstances of composition.** The poem was written at Alfoxden, from memories of Hawkshead, in 1798, and published in *Lyrical Ballads* of that year.

**Theme.** The theme is continued from the preceding; but here it is the poet of nature who vindicates the teaching of nature to the student of books.

**Page 7. ll. 1-4.—Up! up! my Friend, etc.** This read until 1820—

Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,  
Why all this toil and trouble?  
Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double.

**ll. 5f.—the mountain's head . . . long green fields.** A description of the vale of Esthwaite. Westward Yewdale Fell and Coniston "Old Man," and northerly the distant view of Fairfield and Helvellyn; near by, the "green fields" bordering the lake.

**l. 10.—the woodland' linnet.** A bird of over five inches long, usually reddish-brown and grey in color—found generally in thickets and heathery glens. Its song is not specially fine, being "short but pleasant." See also Wordsworth's *Green Linnet*.

**l. 12.—wisdom.** Interpret in the light of stanza v. ff.

**l. 13.—throstle.** The song-thrush or mavis. See *Reverie of Poor Susan*, note.

**l. 14.—He, too.** This read till 1815—

And he is no mean preacher.

**Page 8. l. 28.—We murder to dissect.** Wordsworth's work—his interest in the inner life, his sense of mystery, his belief that knowledge of the infinite comes to us unsought—all is a protest against that era of reason, the eighteenth century. He had been misled in his early manhood by wild hopes entertained by the Revolutionists

of human perfection to be achieved through Reason. He pleaded now for a better organ of investigation, the sensitive intellect and the intelligent heart, for science pervaded with love. Cf. *A Poet's Epitaph* (Appendix.)

This criticism of science is open to misconception, as when Ruskin says of Wordsworth:—"He could not understand that to break a rock with a hammer in search of crystals may sometimes be an act not disgraceful to human nature, and that to describe a flower may sometimes be as proper as to dream over it."—*Modern Painters*, III., xvii, § 7.

#### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

**Circumstances of composition.** This poem was written during the poet's residence in Germany in 1799 (see Introduction). It was first published in Coleridge's periodical *The Friend*, 1802. It was incorporated with other descriptions of the poet's early life in the *Prelude*, Bk. i.

**Theme.** The theme is descriptive of the vale of Hawkshead and Esthwaite lake. Wordsworth's recollections of the effect of his out-of-doors experiences furnish the persuasive proof of his theory that Nature is a pure and beneficent teacher. Note that the teaching here is simply the clear pictures, the suggestions of loneliness and mystery that Nature intertwines with the soul—not moral teaching, as in the preceding poem.

**Page 8. l. 1.—Wisdom and Spirit.** See "the blessed power" in *To My Sister*, and note. Universal Nature, Wordsworth implies, has immanent in it, a soul, wise, spiritual, which is eternal thought, and by virtue of it all appearances of Nature derive their life (breath) and their everlasting variations. Compare Goethe's description in *Faust* of the earth-spirit working at the whirling loom of Time, weaving the living vesture of God.

- l. 7.—passions that build up. Cf.

We live by admiration, hope, and love.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, iv. 763.

- l. 8.—Not with.—The reading of 1809 was—nor with.  
mean and vulgar works of Man. A line significant of  
the protest against urban civilization, raised by Cowper,  
Burns, Wordsworth, and the other poets of revolutionary  
thought. Cf. Cowper's famous line—

God made the country, and man made the town.

—Task, l. 794.

- Page 9. l. 14.—A grandeur. Since harmonious with the  
universal soul.

- l. 20.—trembling lake. Esthwaite.

- l. 21.—homeward I went. Till 1836—I homeward  
went.

- l. 23.—Mine was it. Till 1845—'Twas mine among the  
fields.

- l. 27.—through the twilight blazed. MS. variant—  
blazed through twilight gloom.

- l. 29.—for me. The reading of 1809 was—to me.

- l. 31.—village-clock. The reminiscence is repeated  
in—

The church-clock and the chimes

Sing here beneath the shade.

—Wordsworth, *The Fountain*.

- l. 33.—for his home. Till 1827—for its home.

- Page 10. l. 37.—loud-chiming. The hounds yelling in  
the chase, with voices various in pitch but blending in  
harmony, are described as *chiming*. Cf.

“Matched in mouth like bells,  
Each under each.”

—Shakspeare, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 128.

Chime ye dappled darlings,

Down the roaring blast;

Ye shall see a fox die

Ere an hour be past.

—Kingsley, *Ode to the North-East Wind*.

The reading till 1842 was—loud bellowing.

- l. 40.—**Smitten.** Till 1845—Meanwhile.  
 l. 42.—**Tinkled.** The sharp ringing echo is meant.  
**far-distant.** Till 1842—while the distant hills.  
 l. 50.—**the reflex.** The reading from 1827.

1800. To cut across the image of a star.

1820. To cross the bright reflection of a star.

- l. 52.—**The glassy plain.**

1820. That gleamed upon the ice.

ll. 53 ff.—**given our bodies to the wind,** etc. As he is borne on by the wind, the banks seem to rush towards him in his flight; stopping short, he feels them still flying past, like the earth moving visibly; more even seem to follow, but, as the illusion fades, ever more slowly, till at last all is calm as a summer sea.

- l. 63.—**as a summer sea.** MS. variant—as a dreamless sleep.

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#### NUTTING.

**Composition and publication.** Written in Germany in 1799, and published in 1800. "Intended as part of a poem on my own life (i.e. *The Prelude*), but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my school-fellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure the Vale of Esthwaite, abounding in coppice wood, furnished a very wide range. These verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings I had often when a boy, and particularly in the extensive woods that still stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Graythwaite, the seat of the ancient family of Sandys." (Fenwick Note.) "The hazel coppice is still abundant, and the place to which the Fenwick note refers can easily be identified" (Knight).

**Page 11. l. 5. —cottage-threshold.** "The pupils in the Hawkshead school, in Wordsworth's time, boarded in the houses of village dames. Wordsworth lived with one Anne Tyson, for whom he ever afterwards cherished the

warmest regard, and whose simple character he has immortalised. (See especially Book iv. of *The Prelude*.)

"Dame Tyson's cottage is reached through a picturesque archway . . . and is on the right of a small open yard . . . to the left, a lane leads westward to the open country. It is a humble dwelling of two stories. The floor of the basement flat paved with the blue flags of Coniston slate."  
—Knight. A picture of the cottage is given on p. ix. of the Introduction.

Till 1827, this line read—

When forth I sallied from our cottage door.

1. 6.—**with a huge wallet.** The reading of 1832.

1800. And with a wallet o'er my shoulder slung.

1815. With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung.

1. 8.—**Tow'rd the far-distant wood.** Till 1836 this read—Towards the distant woods.

1. 9.—**cast-off weeds.** Till 1815—of Beggar's weeds. Weed (A.S. *wead*, garment), clothing.

11. 10 f.—**which for that service, etc.** Reading of 1815.

1800. Put on for the occasion, by advice

And exhortation of my frugal Dame.

11. 14 ff.—**O'er pathless rocks . . . I came.** Till 1836 this read—

Among the woods,

And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way,

Until at length, I came. . . .

1. 20.—**tempting clusters.** Till 1845 this read—milk-white clusters.

Page 12. 1. 33.—**fairy water-breaks.** Cf.

With many a silvery waterbreak

Above the golden gravel.

—Tennyson, *The Brook*.

1. 50.—**Ere from the mutilated bower.** Till 1836 this read—

Even then, when from the bower I turned away.



**Page 13. l. 52.**—I felt a sense of pain. "His ravages ended... the sight of the deep shades, an hour ago unbroken, but now rent by the intruding light of heaven, fills him with secret pain. Nothing can be at once more subtle and more universal than these impressions... the impressions which inspired the creators of myths."—Legouis.

**l. 54.**—dearest Maiden. His sister Dorothy.

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### MICHAEL.

**Composition and publication.** "Written at the Town-end, Grasmere, about the same time as *The Brothers*. The sheep-fold, on which so much of the poem turns, remains, or rather the ruins of it. The character and circumstances of Luke were taken from a family to whom had belonged, many years before, the house we lived in at Town-end, along with some fields and woodlands on the eastern shore of Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star was not in fact given to this house, but to another on the same side of the valley, more to the north." (Fenwick Note.)

To Mr. Justice Coleridge Wordsworth said: "Michael was founded on the son of an old couple, having become dissolute, and run away from his parents; and on an old shepherd having been seven years in building up a sheep-fold in a solitary valley" (Knight).

Dorothy's journal shows the period of composition from October 11, 1800, to December 9. It was published in the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800-01.

**Theme.** Wordsworth here reaches his highest period and his greatest field—human life interfused with nature. With the story of humble truth he weaves the atmosphere of environing nature. "In the two poems, *The Brothers* and *Michael*, I have attempted to draw a picture of the domestic affections, as I know them to exist among

a class of men who are now almost confined to the north of England. They are small independent *proprietors* of land, here called statesmen, men of respectable education, who daily labour on their own little properties. . . The domestic affections will always be strong with men who live in a country not crowded with population, if these men are placed above poverty. . . Their little tract of land serves as a kind of rallying point for the domestic feelings. . . The two poems were written to show that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply. . . The poems are faithful copies of nature. They may excite profitable sympathies in many kind and good hearts, and may in some small degree enlarge our feelings of reverence for our species."—Wordsworth, Letter to Charles James Fox, 1801.

"His interests and sympathies, stimulated to excess by the political convulsions, . . . now found healthier objects in the labouring poor whom he conversed with in the fields, and in the vagrants he met on lonely roads. These became his daily schools. . . His early upbringing combined with after experience and reflection to make him esteem simple and humble life more than artificial. . . to make him love and esteem what is permanent, not what is accidental in human life, the inner, not the outer man of men, the essential soul, not its trappings of birth, fortune, and position. . . In humble men, when not wholly crushed or hardened by penury, he seemed to see the primary passions and elementary feelings of human nature existing as it were in their native bed."—Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*.

**Page 13.—A Pastoral Poem.** A poem of shepherd life. It was reserved for Burns and Wordsworth to redeem poetry from the sham pastorals which, following the example of Virgil, Spenser and his followers imposed on English verse. "Between Luke and Alexis there is the whole difference of Nature from Pan" (Magnus).

**Topography of the poem.** *Michael* embodies the scenes of Grasmere, Westmoreland, and the spirit of the dalesmen. A few moments' study of the illustration, p. viii., will help to give a conception of the former. We are looking northward across the Grasmere lake and the lovely Vale (l. 40) in which it lies. The village of Grasmere (l. 135) lies a little to the left. The public way (l. 1) which touches the east of the lake climbs on behind the village up to Dunmail-Raise (l. 134), the mountain gap in the background. The first mountain to the left of the village is Helm Crag and to its left is the entrance into Easedale (l. 134). Michael's cottage (l. 132) stood eastward from the village (l. 135), on the "rising ground" (l. 132), on the "forest-side" (l. 40). we shall place it therefore among the trees to our right (now much scantier than of old), on the side of Stone-Arthur. (It stood, says Knight, where the coach-house and stables of "the Hollins" now stand.) Green-head Ghyll (l. 2) is the valley leading up towards Fairfield summit, between Stone-Arthur and (to the east) Rydal Fell. The unfinished fold (l. 325) was high up the Ghyll, but the locality is difficult to identify.

**l. 1 the public way.** The coach road from Ambleside to Keswick, passing by Grasmere.

**l. 2.—Green-head Ghyll.** "Ghyll, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short, and, for the most part, a steep, narrow valley, with a stream running through it."—Wordsworth. Green-head Ghyll is under Stone-Arthur, the mountain sheltering Grasmere on the north-east.

**l. 5.—pastoral mountains.** "In places . . . the mountains have a green pastoral voluptuousness, so smooth and full are they with thick turf. At other points the rock has fretted through the verdant carpet . . . There are sheep everywhere."—Burroughs, *Fresh Fields*, "In Wordsworth's Country."

l. 9.—No habitation can. The reading of 1827.

1800. No habitation there is seen: but such  
As journey thither.

l. 17.—Appears. Until 1827—There is.

Page 14. ll. 18f.—And to that simple object. The reading of 1836. This first ran—

1800. And to that place a story appertains,  
Which, though it be ungarnished with events,  
Is not unfit . . .

l. 22.—Of those domestic tales. Till 1827 this read—  
The earliest of those tales that spake to me.

ll. 23f.—men... I already loved. Wordsworth tells us in *The Prelude*, viii.,—

“That noticeable kindliness of heart  
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most,  
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks  
And occupations which her beauty adorned,  
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first.”

l. 23.—Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys. Wordsworth elsewhere pays due tribute to men like Michael—the dalesmen of Grasmere :—

Labour here preserves  
His rosy face, a servant only here  
Of the fireside or of the open field,  
• A Freeman, therefore, sound and unimpaired !  
That extreme penury is here unknown . . .  
Where kindred independence of estate  
Is prevalent, where he who tills the field,  
He, happy man ! is master of the field,  
And treads the mountains which his Fathers trod.  
—*The Recluse.*

l. 40.—Grasmere Vale. “There was a quiet splendour, almost grandeur, about Grasmere Vale, such as I had not seen elsewhere,—a kind of monumental beauty and dignity that agreed well with one’s conception of the loftier strains of the poet. It is not too much dominated by mountains, though shut in on all sides by them ; that stately level floor of the valley keeps them

back and defines them, and they rise from its outer margin like rugged, green-tufted, and green-draped walls."—John Burroughs, *Fresh Fields*.

**Page 15.** l. 69.—The South...subterraneous music. 'The prelude of . . . storm from the sea. Cf.

I would stand,  
If night blackened with a coming storm,  
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that are  
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,  
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.

—*The Prelude*, II.

Oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb.

—Shakspeare, *J. Henry IV.*, III. I. 30.

**l. 66.**—The hills, which with vigorous step. Till 1836  
this ran—

The hills, which he so oft  
Had climbed with vigorous steps.

**ll. 72ff.**—linking to such acts...those hills. Till 1827  
this read,—

Linking to such acts,  
So grateful in themselves, the certainty  
Of honourable gains; these fields, these hills  
Which were his living Being, even more  
Than his own Blood,—what could . . .

For the thought compare Goldsmith—

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.

—*The Traveller*.

The lines 72-77 show W.'s theory of the unconscious influence of nature on human life.

**Page 16.** l. 79.—His Helpmate was. The reading till 1815 was—

He had a wife, a comely matron, old

**Page 17.** l. 99.—the cleanly. Till 1836—their cleanly. So, in l. 102, "the meal" was—their meal.

l. 106. — Luke. Austere strength is given by the names Michael, Luke.

l. 112. — With huge and black. Till 1836—

Did with a huge projection overbrow.

l. 123. — had reached. Till 1827—was in.

Page 18. l. 125. —while far. Till 1836—while late.

l. 128. summer flies. Following this in edd. 1800, 1802 was—

Not with a waste of words, but for the sake  
Of pleasure, which I know that I shall give  
To many new, I of this lamp  
Speak thus minutely ; for there are not few  
Whose memories will bear witness to my tale.

l. 129. — This light The first ed.—The light.

l. 134. — Dunmail-Raise. Two and a half miles from Grasmere, on the way to Keswick, is "a steep, steeple of road . . . 720 feet above the sea, on either hand the mountains of Steel Fell and Seat Sandal," on the border-line of Westmoreland and Cumberland. It takes its name from Dunmail, last British king of Cumberland, slain in battle, 945, by the Saxon Edmund. His cairn still stands. See Wordsworth's *Waggoner* for—

This narrow strait  
Stony and dark and desolate.

l. 141. Less from instinctive tenderness. Till 1827—

Effect which might perhaps have been produced  
By that instinctive tenderness.

l. 145. — Fond spirit, etc. Till 1836—

Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all.

l. 146. — Than. Till 1827—Or.

Page 19. l. 150. — Must fail. The edd. to 1820 followed this with—

For these, and other causes, to the thoughts  
Of the old man, his only son was  
The dearest object that he knew on earth.

l. 155.—*pastime*. Till 1827—*dalliance*.

l. 158.—*as with*. Till 1836—with.

ll. 163ff.—*Wrought in the field*, etc. Till 1836—

Had work by his own door, or when he sat  
With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool  
Beneath that large oak, which near their door  
Stood, and from its enormous breadth of shade.

l. 169.—*Clipping Tree*. Clipping is the word used in the north of England for shearing.—Wordsworth note, ed. 1800.

Page 21. l. 207.—*While in this sort*, etc. The reading of 1815.

1800. While this good household thus were living on.

1802. While in this fashion which I have described  
This simple household thus were living on.

l. 221.—*As soon as he had armed*. Till 1836 this read—

As soon as he had gathered so much strength  
That he could look his troubles in the face,  
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell.

Page 22. l. 233.—*himself*. Till 1827—*itself*.

l. 253.—*He may return*. Till 1836—*May come again*.

Page 23. l. 250.—*Richard Bateman*. "The story alluded to here is well known in the country. The chapel is called Ings Chapel, and is on the right-hand side of the road leading from Kendal to Ambleside."—Wordsworth's note, ed. 1800. Knight quotes Lewis, *Topogr. Dict. of England*: "Hugil, a chapelry six and a quarter miles from Kendal. The chapel, rebuilt in 1743 by Robert Bateman, stands in the village of Ings. . . . The free school was endowed with land in 1650 by Robert Wilson. . . . This endowment was augmented by £8 per annum by Robert Bateman, who gave £1,000 for purchasing an estate, and erected eight alms-houses. . . . This worthy benefactor was born here, and from a state of indigence succeeded in amassing considerable wealth by mercantile pursuits."

Page 24. l. 201.—Last two nights. Till 1836—two last nights.

l. 305.—With daylight. Till 1820—Next morning.

Page 25. l. 325.—Sheep-fold. "It may be proper to inform some readers that a sheepfold in these mountains is an unroofed building of stone walls, with different divisions. It is generally placed by a brook, for the convenience of washing the sheep; but it is also useful as a shelter for them, and as a place to drive them into, to enable shepherds conveniently to single out one or more for any particular purpose."—Wordsworth, *Note in Lyrical Ballads*.

l. 328.—Which by the streamlet's edge. Till 1815—  
—which close to the brook side

Page 26. ll. 339f.—touch On things. Till 1836—Speak  
Of things.

l. 341.—as oft befalls. Till 1827—as it befalls.

l. 349.—While thou. Till 1836—When thou.

Page 27. l. 374.—from three-score years. Till 1827—from  
sixty years.

l. 392.—hale. Till 1827—stout.

Page 28. l. 408.—Be thy companions. The first ed. ran—

Be thy companions, let this Sheep-fold be  
Thy anchor and thy shield; amid all fear  
And all temptation, let it be to thee  
An emblem of the life thy Fathers lived.

Page 29. l. 427.—Ere the night fell. Till 1815—

Next morning as had been resolved, the boy.

Page 30. l. 452.—Would overset the brain, etc. Till  
1820—

Would break the heart :—old Michael found it so.

l. 458.—to sun and cloud. So in 1836; but the 1800 ed.  
read—upon the sun; 1832—toward the sun.

l. 468.—And never lifted up a single stone. "It is the  
touch of nature, the pathos of work unfinished.. that



gives Michael, the humble shepherd, his share in the universal heart. 'The great distinguishing passion,' wrote Walter Pater, 'came to Michael by the sheep-fold, to Ruth by the wayside, adding those humble children of the furrow to the true aristocracy of passionate souls.'"  
—Magnus.

l. 470.—or with. Till 1836—with that.

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### THE SOLITARY REAPER.

**Composition and publication.** In August, 1803, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge set out on foot for a tour through Scotland. From Dumfries the travellers made their way up Loch Lomond into the Highlands. Passing through the Trossachs, they ascended to the head of Loch Voil.

Dorothy describes the scene :—"The vale pastoral and unenclosed, not many dwellings, and but few trees; the mountains...are in large unbroken masses, combining with the vale to give an impression of bold simplicity.

"As we descended, the scene became more fertile, our way being pleasantly varied through coppices or open fields, and passing farm houses, though always with an intermixture of uncultivated ground. It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly—might I be allowed to say pensively?—enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely parts of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem (*The Solitary Reaper*) was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's *Tour in Scotland*.

Knight has made clear that the sentence in question is from Wilkinson's *Tours to the British Mountains*, 1824, which Wordsworth saw in MS. The MS. reads: "Passed by a female reaping alone and singing in Erse as she bent

over her sickle, the sweetest human voice I ever heard. Her strains were tenderly melancholy, and felt delicious long after they were no more heard."

The poem was composed between 1803 and 1805, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** The theme is a peasant girl reaping. To Wordsworth she is a human soul living the life of the face—a strain of "the still sad music of humanity." The vast silent loneliness is about her. She sings, and her song suggests the old clan-life of the ill-fated race of the Macgregors, or the inevitable griefs of our common human lot. Such a picture does not pass away. It will remain like the sight of the Daffodils that "flash upon the inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." Such experiences pass into our subconscious self, adding to our nature something that modifies it to good, adding an element of beauty and passion and pathos.

In contrast with Wordsworth's treatment, think how Burns would have approached the theme and the subject of it; would have sung the old descant of eyes and lips, and love and parting; see how immeasurably Wordsworth has widened the horizon of our view of humble life—made us feel the landscape in the figure, the history and the lot of human life in the song, while by his art, everything is kept cool and distant, full of atmosphere. And all this was fifty years before Millet put brush to the *Angelus*.

**Page 31. l. 7.—Vale.** See above. Note the suggestion of loneliness and even silence that is called up here—an experience that peculiarly affected Wordsworth—

The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

—*Brougham Castle.*

**l. 13.—A voice so thrilling.** The reading adopted in 1836.

1807. No sweeter voice was ever heard.

1827. Such thrilling voice was never heard.

Page 32. l. 16.—farthest Hebrides. An echo of "the stormy Hebrides" of *Lycidas* and of—

The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcaes.

—Milton, *On the Death of Damon*.

Milton's suggestive use of proper name is unequalled.

"The Song Thrush is associated in my memory with the Hebrides... When no sound comes on the ear save at intervals the faint murmur of the waves... the song of the thrush is poured forth from the summit of some granite block... The cuckoo calls to his mate from the cairn on the hill. Again all is silent. The streaks in the channel show that the tide is ebbing; a thin white vapour is spread over the distant islands."—Macgillivray.

l. 29.—I listened, motionless and still. Till 1820 this read—

I listened till I had my fill.

l. 30.—And, as I mounted. In 1827—And when I mounted.

l. 31.—The music in my heart I bore. A characteristic ending. Wordsworth insists that such experiences pass into our subconscious life, and permanently affect our natures for good. The close of *The Highland Girl* and *I wandered lonely as a cloud* are further illustrations of this.

THREE YEARS SHE GREW IN SUN AND  
SHOWER.

**Composition and publication.** After a year at Alfoxden in the neighbourhood of Coleridge, the two poets and Dorothy Wordsworth set out, Sept. 16th, 1798, for Germany. (See *Intro.*) While Coleridge went on to Ratzburg to absorb German language, philosophy, and life, the Wordsworths buried themselves in Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. Wordsworth got little pleasure from German society or literature or climate—the winter was terribly severe—but driven back upon himself, the impulse from his Alfoxden life prompted him to one of the most productive periods of his life. In Goslar he wrote *Nutting*, *The Poet's Epitaph*, *The Fountain*, *Two April Mornings*, *Ruth*, began *The Prelude*, and composed (1799) the various *Lucy* poems. These last are the lyrics beginning :—

- (i.) Strange fits of passion have I known.
- (ii.) She dwelt among the untrodden ways.
- (iii.) I travelled among unknown men.
- (iv.) Three years she grew in sun and shower.
- (v.) A slumber did my spirit seal.

They form an interesting group of poems of ideal love, and should be read in connection with one another.

The *Lucy* poems were first published in the new enlarged ed. of the *Lyrical Ballads*, London, 1800, and reprinted 1802, 1805, etc. The variations in the text are of the slightest.

The subject of the poems of *Lucy*. "The Goslar poems include those addressed to *Lucy*. Some have supposed that there was an actual *Lucy*, known to Wordsworth in Yorkshire, 'about the springs of Dove,' to whom he was attached, who died early, and whose love and beauty he commemorates in these five memorial poems.

There is no doubt that the intensity of the lines, the allusion to the spinning wheel, to the 'violet by the mossy stone half hidden from the eye,' to the 'bowers where Lucy played,' to the 'heath, the calm, and quiet scene,' all suggest a real person. We only wish there were evidence that it had been so. But there is no such evidence."—*Knight*, ix. 187.

The Baroness von Stockhausen, nevertheless, has written a tale called *Veilchenduft* (Violet-fragrance), which weaves about Wordsworth the incidents suggested in the *Lucy* poems.

**Critical comments.** Coleridge recognized the beauty of the poem with ungrudging admiration. "I would rather have written *Ruth*, and *Nature's Lady* [*Three Years*, etc.]," he told Sir H. Davy (Oct. 9, 1800), "than a million such poems [as *Christabel*]." W. A. Heard says of it: "Nature speaks to our minds, but her sounds and music also affect body as well as soul. Wordsworth does not separate the physical and spiritual; nothing is solely physical in its effect, everything has a spiritual result. This combination of physical and spiritual teaching in nature is the idea embodied in *Three years she grew*. One stanza is specially apposite: 'And she shall lean her ear,' etc. This is not only true poetry, but it has a Platonic felicitousness of language as the expression of a philosophy."—*Wordsworth Soc. Proc.*, vi. 55.

Ruskin's appreciation of the poem is marked with his usual wonderful insight. In *Sesame and Lilies* (*Of Queens' Gardens*), he quotes most of this poem in the following context:

"The first of our duties to her [woman] . . . is to secure her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength.

To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far; only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the source and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty [stt. 1, 2, 4, 6 of this poem are quoted] . . . . This for the means; now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty:—

‘A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet,’” etc.

The whole of Queens’ Gardens is indeed a beautiful commentary on this poem.

**Page 33.—The title.** The poem is indexed in *Lyrical Ballads*, Three years she grew in sun and shower. In edd. 1843, 1846, etc., it is indexed and paged, Lucy. Otherwise it has remained without title. Mr. Palgrave in the *Golden Treasury* invents the title “The Education of Nature.”

l. 7f.—**Myself will . . . . with me.** In 1802 the poet changed the lines to:

Her Teacher I myself will be,  
She is my darling: and with me

but wisely returned to the original text in 1805.

l. 10f.—**In earth and heaven, an overseeing power.** The philosophy of this bears illustration from every line of *Tintern Abbey*, as from the following:—

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: ’tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

—*Tintern Abbey*, l. 123ff.

l. 16.—*hers*. The author's reading was *her's*.

l. 20.—*for her the willow bend*. The willow lends its  
lithe grace, with which to imbue the Maiden.

l. 23.—*Grace that shall mould*. This is the reading in  
1802, but ed. 1800 reads,

A beauty that shall mould her form.

Page 34. l. 31.—*vital feelings*. " 'Vital feelings of delight,'  
observe. There are dead feelings of delight; but the  
natural ones are vital, necessary to very life. And they  
must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do  
not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make  
her happy. There is not one restraint you can put on a  
good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to  
her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be  
indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which  
is all the more painful because it takes away the bright-  
ness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the  
brow of virtue."—Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, ii. § 71.

l. 36.—*Here in this happy dell*. "Observe, it is  
'Nature' who is speaking throughout, and who says,  
'while she and I together live.'"—Ruskin, *ib.*

l. 39.—*She died, and left to me*. "How empty, deso-  
late, and colorless Nature, without Human Life present,  
becomes to the Poet, we gather from the conclusion of  
*Three years she grew*."—James Russell Lowell, *Words-  
worth Soc. Tr.*, viii., 76.

l. 40.—*this calm, and quiet scene*. Calm, is the  
authoritative reading (1805, '43, '46, etc.); yet 1802,  
Morley, and other recent editions read, "calm and quiet  
scene."

## TO A SKYLARK.

**Composition and publication.** This lyric is one of the best poems of W.'s latest period, showing the "meditative wisdom" of this period, while the earlier lyric on the same subject (1805) shows his passionate joy in nature. It was written at Rydal Mount, Grasmere, where W. had removed in 1813. Its composition is dated 1825; its publication 1827.

**The subject of the poem.** "The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird as the Philomel is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, the companion of the plowman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, revelling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithe-some, sibilant, and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes his home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down [cf. Coleridge, *A. M.*, l. 358] thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer shower."—John Burroughs, *Birds and Poets*.

**Other poems on the lark.** The Elizabethans first gave fit expression to the charm of the Lark's song.

What is't now we hear?

None but the lark so shrill and clear;

Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

—John Lyly, *Campaspe*, v. l.



Lyly was imitated by Shakspere in

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings.

—*Cymbeline*, iii. ii.

James Hogg (1772-1835) led the way to the modern lyrics. (His *Lark* is reprinted in the Appendix.) In 1805, W.'s first lyric *To a Skylark*,

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!

was written. Then came Shelley's wonderful *Ode to the Skylark*, 1820, and in 1825 the present poem was composed. William Watson's new poem is included in the Appendix.

l. 3f.—Or, while thy wings aspire, etc.

So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free.

—*A Morning Exercise*.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest  
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.

—Davenant.

Page 35. ll. 7-12.—To the last point, etc. This stanza, which belonged to the poem till 1843, was in 1846 transferred to *A Morning Exercise* (composed 1828), of which it became the eighth stanza. See final note.

l. 13.—her shady wood.

Thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

—Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*.

l. 16.—with instinct more divine. "Instinct" took the place of "rapture" in 1827.

l. 18.—True to the kindred points, etc. Cf.

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

—Hogg, *The Lark*.

Speaking of *A Morning Exercise*, W., in a note to Miss Fenwick, remarked: "I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the Skylark."

These stanzas are :

Hail, blest above all kinds!—Supremely skilled,  
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,  
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build  
On such forbearance as the deep may show ;  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise.

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove ;  
Yet more hath nature reconciled in thee ;  
So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free ;  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-wearied voice.

To the last point of view, etc.

How would it please old Ocean to partake,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony thy notes most gladly make  
Where earth resembles most his own domain :  
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no barn  
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,  
Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute ;  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine !

---

### THE GREEN LINNET.

**Composition and publication.** *The Green Linnet* is one of the many beautiful lyrics of the Grasmere period. "The cottage in which Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode, and which still retains the form it wore then, stands on the right hand, by the side of the coach-road from Ambleside to Keswick, as it enters Grasmere, or, as that part of the village is called, TOWN-END. The front of it faces the lake ; behind is a small plot of orchard and garden ground, in which there is a spring

and rocks ; the whole enclosure shelves upward toward the woody sides of the mountains above it."—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, i. 157. "At the end of the orchard was a terrace, where an arbour or moss-hut was built by Wordsworth ; in which he murmured out and wrote or dictated many of his poems. . . The moss-hut is gone, and a stone seat now takes its place."—*Wordsworth Country*, pp. 61ff.

This poem was written in 1805. Wordsworth in his note to Miss Fenwick states that the poem was composed "in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described."

Many of Wordsworth's poems are associated with this orchard—*Farewell, To a Butterfly, The Green Linnet, The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly, The Kite and the Falling Leaves, Lines in Thomson's Castle of Indolence. The Green Linnet* has the closest associations of all, and "is as true to the spirit of the place in 1887 as it was eighty years ago" (Knight).

It was published in the second volume of *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** *The Green Linnet.* The Greenfinch, or Green Linnet, is one of the commonest of British birds, though not found in America. "Its familiar haunts are in our gardens, shrubberies, and pleasure grounds. . . Its song commences in April, at which time the birds also pair. There is nothing striking in its music—it is a song which bears some resemblance to that of an inferior Canary ; and it is only when several birds are singing in chorus that their notes are at all attractive. In spring half a dozen cock-birds will sometimes be seen in a single tree ; and when they are all warbling together, one against the other, the effect is very harmonious and pleasing.

"The adult male Greenfinch has the general colour of the plumage, bright yellowish green, brightest on the rump, and shading into slate-grey on the flanks and lower

belly, and into yellowish white on the under tail-coverts. The crown, the sides of the head and neck, the throat and breast . . . slate-grey; the wings and brownish black." —Seeböhm, ii. 74ff.

ll. 1-8.— Beneath these fruit-tree boughs . . .

1807. The May is come again;—how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat!  
And Birds and Flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's Friends together;  
My thoughts they all by turns employ;  
A whispering Leaf is now my joy,  
And then a bird will be the toy  
That doth my fancy tether.

1815 (l. 3) And Flowers and Birds once more to greet.

The present version of stanza i. appeared first in the 1827 ed.

l. 10.—covert of the bleat. "Covert" (O.F. *couvert*, per. part. of *courir*, to cover), hiding-place, shelter.

Page 36. l. 15.—the revels of the May. A picture of the birds at spring-time, taken from the rejoicings of the country folk on May-day. The festivities of May-day—gathering hawthorn-flowers, sports, and dancing round the May-pole, are called "the May."

l. 18.—one band of paramours. Birds and butterflies are pairing; in the fields,

"No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;"

but the Linnet is still alone (sole, L. *solus*, alone).

paramour (O.F. *par amour*, with love, as a lover), lover, wooer,—an archaic sense.

l. 25.—Amid yon tuft. 1827 ed., Upon yon tuft.

l. 26.—That twinkles to the gusty breeze. Only Tennyson equals the picturesqueness of such a line as this; cf.

Below the chestnuts, when their buds  
Were glistening to the breezy blue.

—The Miller's Daughter.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver.

—*Lady of Shalott.*

ll. 33.—*My dazzled sight. . .*

1807. While thus before my eyes he gleams,  
A Brother of the Leaves he seems;  
When in a moment forth he teems  
His little song in gushes;  
As if it pleased him to disdain  
The voiceless Form which he did feign,  
While he was dancing with the train  
Of leaves among the bushes.

1830 (l. 38). The voiceless form he chose to feign.

1837 (ll. 33f.) My sight he dazzles, half deceives,  
A bird so like the dancing leaves.  
Then flits, etc. (as in our text).

1843. The bird my dazzled sight deceives.

Our text is the reading of 1832, as finally adopted in 1846.

## TO THE CUCKOO.

**Composition and publication.** As stated by Wordsworth, this was "composed in the orchard at Town-end, Grasmere, 1804." According to Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal* the poem must have been begun in 1802. On Friday, March 22nd and 25th of that year, she notes the mildness and beauty of the morning, adding, "William worked on the Cuckoo poem." It was published in the second volume of *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme of the poem.** *The Cuckoo.* "These birds frequent gardens, groves, and fields, in fact any localities where their insect food is abundant. . . In habits the Cuckoo is wild and shy, a tolerably swift bird on the wing, frequenting chiefly such places as are well covered with trees and groves; and so shy and watchful is it, that to approach within gun-range of it is generally most difficult. . . The note of the male is the well-known call

which is generally heard, and consists of two syllables, *uk, uk*, rather than *ku-ku*, which, when the bird is greatly excited, is rendered *ku-ku-ku*."—Dresser, *Birds of Europe*, v. 197, 205.

The Cuckoo had an especial attraction for Wordsworth. He speaks of the "thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo." His poems on this theme and the allusions in his works are very numerous. In 1801 he modernized Chaucer's *The Cuckoo and The Nightingale*; in 1804 the present poem was composed. Two years later the impression of the cuckoo's song echoing among the mountains near Rydal Mere called forth "*Yes, it was the Mountain Echo*." In 1827 the sonnet *To the Cuckoo* voiced the gladness of the bird's song at Spring. While the poet was travelling in Italy in 1837, the familiar voice of the bird greeted him, and awakened the thoughts embodied in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. In his last years the present of a clock once more recalled the delights of childhood hours, and found an acknowledgment in *The Cuckoo-Clock*, 1845.

Page 37. l. 4.—But a wandering Voice. Wordsworth describes it as a "vagrant voice" in *The Cuckoo at Laverna*. The phrase aptly describes the bird, which is heard and not seen. It is classical in origin; the nightingale being *vox et præterea nihil*, which phrase is attributed to the Greeks. The story of Echo, who had only voice left, is parallel.—Ovid, *Met.* iii. 397.

ll. 5-10.—While I am lying. . . The reading of 1845.

1807. While I am lying on the grass,  
I hear this restless shout :  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
About, and all about !

1815. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear !—  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near !

1290. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!—  
It seems to fill the whole air's space,  
At once far off and near!

1837. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

1832. While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
As loud far off as near.

I. 6.—Thy twofold shout. Cf.

Shout, cuckoo! let the vernal soul  
Go with thee to the frozen zone;  
Toll from the loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!  
At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
Mercy from her twilight throne  
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,  
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

—Wordsworth, *Power of Sound*, II.

The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,  
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder place.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, II. 348f.

I. 7.—From hill to hill. Cf.

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills.

—Tennyson, *The Gardener's Daughter*.

II. 9-13.—Though babbling. This is the reading of 1827.

1807. To me, no Babbler with a tale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou tellest, Cuckoo! in the vale  
Of visionary hours.

1815. I hear thee babbling to the Vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours.

1820 (l. 11). But unto me.

I. 12.—Of visionary hours. The suggestive and musical effect of a long word aptly used is a peculiarity of the poet. Cf.

Or hast thou been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.

—*The Affliction of Margaret.*

But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

—*She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.*

Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

—*The Solitary Reaper.*

l. 15.—no bird, but an invisible thing. Tennyson imitated this happy turn in describing the bulbul or Eastern nightingale :

The living airs of middle night  
Died round the bulbul as he sung ;  
Not he ; but something which possess'd  
The darkness of the world, delight,  
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,  
Ceasing not, mingled, unpress'd,  
Apart from place, withholding time,  
But flattering the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

—*Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

Page 38. l. 31.—unsubstantial. Suggested possibly by Prospero's description of the earth's dissolution,—

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

—Shakspeare, *Tempest*, iv. i.

**faery.** A variant form of fairy. This spelling is preferred by the poets to exclude the undignified associations of the latter form ;—resembling fairyland in its beautiful unsubstantial visionary character. Cf. Keats, *To a Nightingale*, l. 70,—

—Magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.



## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

**Composition and publication.** As the Fenwick note states, this poem was "written at Town-end, Grasmere [1804]. The germ of this poem was four lines [probably ll. 1-4,—Knight] composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious." The vague hint in "written from my heart" is made clear by Christopher Wordsworth's note in the *Memoirs*, i. 204f., and the testimony of Chief Justice Coleridge giving the poet's own statement.—(*Memoirs*, ii. 306.)

The poem was published in the first volume of *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** While Wordsworth was a schoolboy at Penrith, a fellow-pupil of his was his cousin Mary Hutchinson. In 1789, while still a student at Cambridge, Wordsworth revisited Penrith, where his sister and Mary Hutchinson were living. When the poet returned from his visit to Germany in 1799, he went first to Sockburn, where Mary Hutchinson was then living. At Dove Cottage she was a frequent visitor. On the 4th of October, 1802, the two were married. "There was," says Knight, "an entire absence of romance in Wordsworth's courtship.... He loved Mary Hutchinson; he had always loved her; and he loved her with an ever-increasing tenderness; but his engagement to her seemed somehow to be just the natural sequel to their early unromantic regard." Do Quincey, who visited Dove Cottage in 1807, speaks of Mrs. Wordsworth with enthusiasm:—"The foremost [of the two ladies], a tallish young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features, advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have

fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner... She furnished remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements... Her words were few... Her intellect was not of an active order; but, in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts. . . Indeed, all faults would have been neutralized by that supreme expression of her features, to that unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts of her countenance, concurred, viz., a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness—such as in this world I never saw surpassed.”  
—*Recollections of the Lake Poets*, ch. iii.

Wordsworth's own references to his wife are many beautiful tributes of affection. In the poem in which he bids farewell in his orchard-scenes before his marriage, he closes with the words :—

—A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bred,  
Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,  
Will come to you; to you herself will wed;  
And love the blessed life that we lead here.

—*A Farewell*, 1802.

Then came two years after his marriage the most beautiful tribute ever paid to wife, the lines “*She was a Phantom of Delight*.” In the same strain are the lines in *The Prelude* :

Thereafter came  
One whom with thee friendship had early paired;  
She came, no more a phantom to adorn  
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,

And yet a spirit, there for me enshrined  
 To penetrate the lofty and the low ;  
 Even as one essence of pervading light  
 Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars  
 And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp  
 Couched in the dewy grass.

—*Prelude*, xiv.

The Dedication of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, 1807, commemorates the deep still affection binding the husband and wife, brought closer together by the loss of children. In 1824, two poems addressed to his wife record the poet's deepest love, and the sustaining help of her faith. In 1838, after thirty-six years of life together, the poet wrote from his heart :—

"O, my Beloved ! I have done thee wrong,  
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,  
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive :  
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
 And the old day was welcome as the young,  
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth  
 More beautiful as being a thing more holy :  
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth  
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;  
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

**Page 38.** 1. 5.—*eyes as stars of Twilight.* The star-like beauty of eyes has often been noted.

Or from star-like eyes doth seek.

—*Carow, Disdain Returned.*

The poet adds the milder radiance seen at twilight.

1. 8.—*From May-time . . . dawn.*

1836 ed. From May-time's brightest, loveliest dawn.

Cf.

"He seem'd a part of joyous spring.

—*Tennyson, Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere.*

11. 15-16.—*A countenance . . . as sweet.* "There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the cause, and describe to

you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. [The lines beginning,—

‘Three years she grew in sun and shower  
are then quoted.]

“Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

‘A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet.’

“The perfect loveliness of a woman’s countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.”—*Season and Lilies*, ii. §§ 70, 71.

**Page 39.** l. 22.—pulse of the machine. “The use of the word ‘machine’ in the third stanza has been much criticized. For a similar use of the term see the sequel to *The Waggoner* :—

Forgive me, then; for I had been  
On friendly terms with this Machine.

The progress of mechanical industry in Britain since the beginning of the present century has given a more limited, and purely technical, meaning to the word that it bore when Wordsworth used it in these two instances.”—Knight, iii. 5.

To this might be added that Wordsworth had Shakspeare’s authority for this sense of the word,—

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him.  
—*Hamlet*, ii. ii. 124.

Rousseau uses *machine* in the sense of “being.”

l. 24.—between. In 1832 ed., betwixt.

l. 30.—an angel-light. This is the reading of 1836; that of 1807 is, an angel light; that of 1845, angelic light.

## WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS.

**Form of the Sonnet.** Wordsworth's eminence as a writer of Sonnets requires us to give special consideration to the form of this poem.

The word *sonnet* is derived, as is the best form of the thing itself, from the Italian,—*sonetto*, a short strain, diminutive of *suono*, sound. The first Englishmen to learn to use the sonnet structure were Wyatt (1503-1542) and Surrey (1517-1547), poets steeped in Italian literature. Among the Elizabethans, Spenser, Sidney, and Shakspeare were pre-eminent as writers of sonnets, as at a later day Milton was among the Caroline poets.

Shakspeare's sonnets, however, differ essentially in structural character from the sonnets of Milton. The SHAKSPERIAN SONNET arranges its fourteen lines as three quatrains and a couplet, running *abab cdcd efef gg*, and the whole rhythm progresses with almost even force till clinched and ended in the concluding couplet. The MILTONIC SONNET agrees with the Shaksperian in preserving a continuity of rhythm throughout, but differs from it in rime-structure, in which it is like the Italian form. The rimes of the first eight lines are *abba abba*, but the last six lines rime with great freedom, always, however, avoiding a final couplet. The normal ITALIAN or PETRARCHAN SONNET, while similar to the Miltonic sonnet in rime-order, differs from it and the Shaksperian sonnet in the peculiar movement of its rhythm. The poem is broken into a "octave" (first eight lines) and a "sestet" (last six lines), and the melody rising with the major part, subsides and dies away in the minor; so that it may fitly be described in these lines:

A sonnet is a wave of melody:

From heaving waters of the impassioned soul

A billow of tidal music one and whole

Flows in the "octave," then returning free,

Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll  
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

—Theodore Watts.

These three forms—the Shaksperian, the Miltonic, and the Petrarchan Sonnet—are the standard forms of English sonnets. While they have formal differences, they agree in requiring that the poem be of fourteen decasyllabic lines, the evolution of one single thought or emotion, inevitable in its progress, full of thought, dignity, repose, and splendidly sonorous—

Swelling loudly

Up to its climax, and then dying proudly,

as Keats said.

Examples of Shaksperian, Miltonic, and Petrarchan sonnet-forms will be found in the Appendix.

Wordsworth's sonnets, it will be seen, bear the closest relationship to Milton's, though often the Petrarchan rhythm is observed. "In the cottage at Town-end, Grasmere," said the poet, "one afternoon in 1801, my sister read me the Sonnets of Milton. . . I was particularly struck on that occasion by the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them,—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakspeare's fine Sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote, except an irregular one at school."—Fenwick note to *Happy the Feeling*.

## SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

**Composition and publication.** Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake (Fenwick note). This was before 1827, when the sonnet appeared in the poet's edition of collected works issued in that year.

**Theme.** The objections to the sonnet are due to its exquisitely wrought form, which seems to check pure and direct expression, and to its narrow field of fourteen lines, which seems to limit thought. The latter objection is met by Wordsworth in the Sonnet—quoted in the Appendix—*Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room.* A Renaissance form, too, its revival in the latter half of the eighteenth century may be taken as part of the Romantic movement, and the partizans of the narrow classical school looked upon it with disfavour. Dr. Johnson remarked of it, "The fabric of a sonnet, however adapted to the Italian language, has never succeeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed." W. here justifies the Sonnet by citing illustrious examples of its use.

Page 40. 1. 3.—**Shakespeare unlocked his heart.** Against Wordsworth's view may be set Browning's—

*With this same key*

*Shakespeare unlocked his heart, once more!*

*Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!*

—*House.*

The question has divided poets and scholars into two camps—Hugo, Hallam, Swinburne, Dowden, Furnivall, Brandes, regard them as autobiographical; Browning, Halliwell-Phillipps, Sidney Lee (in part), regard them as pure poetry. They seem to tell the story of Shakespeare's love of a noble youth (the Earl of Southampton? or Pembroke?) and of an unknown "dark lady," (thought by some to be Mary Fitton); they certainly do tell Shak-

spere's deepest thought on the eternity of beauty and the omnipotence of love over misfortune, absence, death, wrong.

l. 4.—*lute*. A stringed instrument of music resembling a guitar, but requiring great skill in its use ; once in high favour for chamber music.

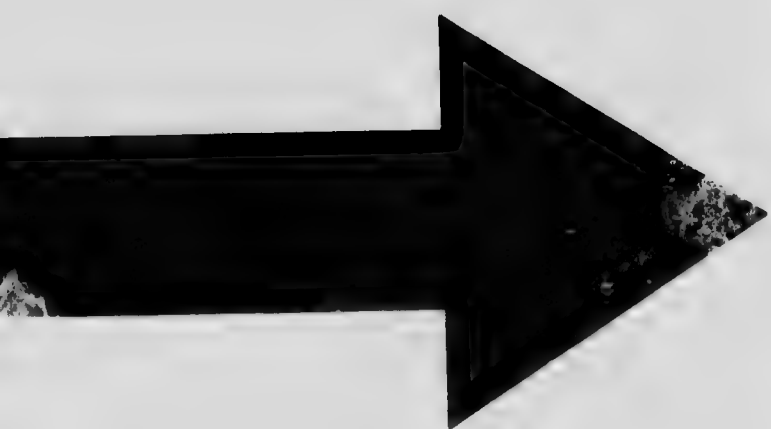
**Petrarch's wound.** Francesco Petrarch (*pə'trark*) was born at Aresso in 1304 and died at Arquà in 1374. His father was banished from Florence in 1301 along with Dante, both being "Whites" or democratic republicans. Avignon, France, became the home of the former. There Petrarch saw, in the church of St. Clara, the Laura who inspired his canzones and sonnets, the faithful wife of Hugo de Sade. Near Avignon he wrote those sonnets in the Tuscan dialect which give him a share in the glory of Dante of having founded a new language. In 1341 he received the laurel crown at Rome as the greatest living poet.

l. 5.—**Tasso.** Torquato Tasso (1544–1595), one of the greatest and most unhappy of poets, conquered the homage of Italy by his poetic gifts even in early youth. He was called to the court of Alfonso d'Este, duke of Ferrara. In 1572 he wrote *Aminta* ; in 1575 he had finished his great epic of *Jerusalem Delivered*. Already his misfortunes had begun. Fable says that he was chased from the court for loving his patron's sister, and finally shut up in a madhouse by the order of the duke. Always verging on madness, he spent his last days wandering among the Italian cities. Death even deprived him of the triumph and crown of laurel that were prepared for him in Rome in 1595.

Tasso's sonnets frequently have Leonora d'Este as their theme. She was to Tasso, says Hasell, "what the dead Beatrice was to Dante—an inspiration, an ennobling and elevating influence."

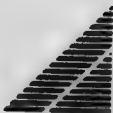
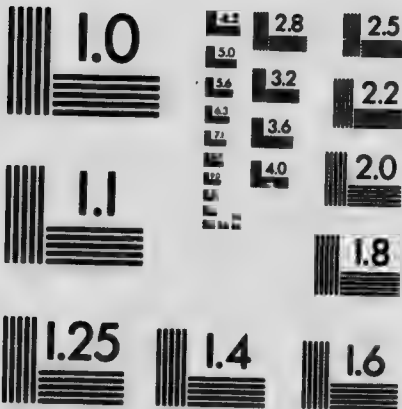






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l. 6.—**Camoens** (*kam' o enz*). Luiz de Camoens (1524–1579), the chief poet of Portugal. His great poem is the epic *Os Lusíadas*, *The Lusitanians*; but he is the author as well of more than three hundred and fifty sonnets. His life was full of mishap. He spent sixteen years in exile in India, consoled by the memory of his love of Donna Caterina Ataida, in whose honour many of his sonnets were written. The most beautiful of these is given, in Southey's version, in the Appendix.

The line read in 1827—

Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief.

l. 7.—**gay myrtle leaf**. The myrtle is a fragrant ever-green shrub or small tree, with shining green leaves and white flowers. In antiquity it was sacred to Venus, and used in festivals.

l. 8.—**Cypress**. Regarded, because of its gloomy foliage, as symbolic of mourning—here of sad meditation on his country and his own misfortunes. These gave the tone of the *Divine Comedy*, a “vision” of the Inferno, Purgatory, and Paradise.

**Dante**. This greatest of Italian poets (1265–1321) spent a life “fallen upon evil days,” amidst the terrible political struggles of Florence. The *Vita Nuova*, which narrates his love of Beatrice, contains various sonnets and canzoni voicing some aspect of this passion.

l. 10.—**It cheered mild Spenser**. This gentle and knightly poet wrote ninety-two sonnets. From the eighteenth sonnet it would seem that the writing of them was a relaxation after the labour spent upon the *Faerie Queen*. It is to this sonnet that Wordsworth alludes—

After so long a race as I have run  
Through Faery land, which these six books compile,  
Give leave to rest me, being half foredone,  
And gather to myself new breath awhile.

By “dark ways” Wordsworth seems to mean Spenser's misfortune consequent on Tyrone's rebellion; but it was

three years subsequent to the publication of the Sonnets.

1. 12.—Milton. Milton wrote some twenty-four sonnets, of which six are in Italian. The "trumpet" sonnets are especially those on Cromwell and the massacre of the Vaudois; those on his blindness, to Cyriac Skinner, and on his deceased wife, were written amidst affliction.

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## COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

SEPT. 3, 1802.

**Composition and publication.** In 1802 Wordsworth and his sister Dora, who were living at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, made a flying visit to France. Dora Wordsworth's *Journal* gives the following details: "July 30th.—Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning, outside of the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river—a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, and were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own spectacles... Arrived at Calais at four in the morning of July 31st."

Wordsworth states, in his note to Miss Fenwick, that the poem was "written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France"; and dated the poem, inaccurately, however, in all editions, 1807.

The sonnet appeared in *Poems*, 1807. Subsequent editions show no changes in the text.

**Page 41.—Title, Westminster Bridge.** This bridge crossed the Thames almost before the river front of the Houses of Parliament; it was finished in 1750. The present bridge was constructed 1854–1862.

l. 4.—like a garment. "Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment."—*Psalm civ.* 2.

l. 10.—In his first splendour. The beauty of early sunrise in the country is here introduced to emphasize the beauty of sunrise in the city.

l. 14.—that mighty heart...still. This line sums up the impressive effect of power and vastness, as held in peace and rest. Cf. *Ozymandias*, p. 67—

Boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

"Many years ago, I think it was in 1859, I chanced to be passing (in a pained and depressed state of mind, occasioned by the death of a friend) over Waterloo Bridge at half-past three on a lovely June morning. It was broad daylight, and I was alone. Never when alone in the remotest recesses of the Alps, with nothing around me but the mountains, or upon the plains of Africa, alone with the wonderful glory of the southern night, have I seen anything to approach the solemnity—the soothing solemnity—of the city, sleeping under the early sun,—

'Earth has not anything to show more fair.'

It was this sonnet, I think, that first opened my eyes to Wordsworth's greatness as a poet. Perhaps nothing that he has written shows more strikingly that vast sympathy which is his peculiar dower."—R. S. Watson, quoted in Knight's *Wordsworth*, ii. 288.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,  
AUGUST, 1802.

**Composition and publication.** See introductory no to *Composed Upon Westminster Bridge*. Dora Wordsworth's *Journal* gives the following details associated with the Calais sonnets:—

"We arrived at Calais at four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 31st of July.

"We walked by the sea-shore almost every evening. We had delightful walks after the heat of the day was passed—seeing far off in the west the coast of England like a cloud crested with Dover Castle, which was but like the summit of the cloud—the evening star, and the glory of the sky; the reflections in the water were more beautiful than the sky itself, purple waves, brighter than precious stones, for ever melting away upon the sands."

This journey resulted in the composition of a number of sonnets that are among the finest of our language. The present sonnet and the one that follows it were composed at Calais in August, 1802. They were published in *Poems* of 1807.

**Theme.** "How simple are the elements of these delights! There is nothing here except fraternal affection, a sunrise, a sunset, a flock of bright wild flowers; and yet the sonnets on *Westminster Bridge* and *Calais Sands*, and the stanzas on the *Daffodils*, have taken their place among the permanent records of the profoundest human joy."—Myers.

**Page 42. l. 12.—with many a fear.** The poet was not blind to the evils of contemporary England—its reactionary spirit before the prospect of liberal reform, its commercialism, its union with the monarchical powers of Europe against France. See the sonnets of this period.

*Written in London, September, 1802, Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour, Great Men have been among us, When I have borne in memory what has tamed. The last named sonnet seems an answer to the present one.*

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### WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

**Composition and publication.** Another sonnet of the Wordsworths' excursion to France in August of 1802. They left London on July 30th, at early morning, saw the City from Westminster Bridge—a sight that occasioned the splendid sonnet—

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

The following day they arrived in Calais, where the several Calais sonnets were written. They returned to England on the 30th of August, staying in London till the 22nd of September.

Wordsworth's interests at the time were strongly political, in favour of republican liberty. The poet has himself expressed the feelings that arose in him as he remarked the contrast of France and England, the one still suffering from the calamities of the Revolution, the other glutted with wealth and given over to the industrial spirit. "This poem," he says, "was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and pride of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say desolation, that the Revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in mind, or else the reader may think that in this and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy to conceive with what a depth of feeling I entered into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards for their deliverance from



the usurped power of the French," etc.—To Mrs Fenwick (Knight, ii. 300).

To this we may add the historian's account:—"Although the debt had risen from 244 millions to 520, the desire for peace sprang from no sense of national exhaustion. On the contrary, wealth had never increased so fast. Steam and canals, with the inventions of Arkwright and Crompton, were producing their effect in a rapid development of trade and manufactures, and commerce found new outlets in the colonies gained by the war."—Green, *Short Hist.*, c. 1802. .

This poem was first published in the volume of *Poems* of 1807.

**Theme.** This sonnet and the two following express the poet's idealism, his belief in country life, in opposition to the industrial expansion of England and its consequent influences on human life and character.

**Page 43.** l. 1.—O, Friend ! etc. 1838 ed. alone reads,  
O thou proud city ! which way shall I look,  
which seems to show that the established reading  
"Friend" has no particular personal reference.

l. 8.—No grandeur now in nature. Read and compare the sonnet beginning,

The world is too much with us, late and soon.

l. 11.—Plain living, etc. These words are not vain on the poet's part. He and his sister (see Introduction) in 1793 had set about living their best life on an income of one hundred pounds.

I note that a recent magazine poet borrows this line in the following form,

Hardy with abstinence, with high thoughts divine.

—Marrion Wilcox, *Like the Good God*.

l. 13.—fearful. Anxiously watchful, lest evil should prevail.

l. 14.—pure religion breathing, etc. Religion, a gentle force animating and guiding all family life.



LONDON, 1802.

**Composition and publication.** This sonnet was written and published in the same circumstances as the preceding.

**Page 44. l. 1.—Milton.** John Milton (1608-1674). W. had especially in his mind Milton's strenuous efforts in the cause of Puritanism and just government, on behalf of the Vaudois, and for the liberty of the press; his conception of the high calling of the poet, his intense moral strength, and intellectual greatness; the magnificence of his style and the rich music of his verse; the utter loneliness of his life, when, blind and poor, he meditated his lofty epic, while around him echoed the shouts of Royalists triumphing over the cause to which he had sacrificed his best years. See Green, *Short Hist.*, 451ff., 510ff., 575, 582ff.

There is a special appropriateness also in addressing Milton in a sonnet. From Milton's sonnets W. first learnt many of the great qualities of his own. Elsewhere he abundantly shows his reverence for his master:—

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.

—"It is not to be thought of.

That mighty orb of song,  
The divine Milton.

—*The Excursion*, l. 249f.

**l. 2.—England . . . is a fen.** For the other side of the picture, see such poems as *The Birkenhead*:—

And when they tell you "England is a fen  
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,  
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey  
For the first comer," tell how the other day  
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen  
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay! etc.

—Sir Henry Yule (1820-1890).

l. 4.—the heroic wealth of hall and bower. Hall and bower are frequently conjoined in old literature; the former the characteristic place of the men, the latter of the women. Thus "the heroic wealth of hall and bower" means, knightly men and gentle women, richly endowed with the spirit of chivalry, are no more, and their descendants have lost the right to inward happiness.

l. 5.—dower. This inward happiness was the gift and result of noble action, as a dower comes by established, even inherent right.

l. 6.—inward happiness. Notice W.'s insistence on the inward which pervades his poetry.

Inward eye  
The bliss of solitude.

—*I wandered lonely as a cloud.*

The harp of a quiet eye

That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

—*A Poet's Epitaph.*

With a eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

—*Tintern Abbey.*

l. 8.—manners. Not knowledge of etiquette merely or necessarily; but ceasing to be "selfish men," being heartily considerate of others.

l. 9.—like a Star, and dwelt apart. Cf. W.'s tribute to Newton,—

The statue. . .

Of Newton with his prism and silent face,

The marble index of a mind for ever

Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

—*The Prelude.*

l. 10.—voice whose sound was like the sea. The mighty splendour of Milton's blank verse,—the theme of many a poet.

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,

O skill'd to sing of Time and Eternity,

God-gifted organ-voice of England,

Milton, a name to resound for ages.

—*Tennyson, Experiments.*

l. 14.—on herself. So in 1820, but 1807, on itself.

## IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD.

**Composition and publication.** This sonnet belongs to the same period as the preceding. It was composed in 1802 or 1803, and published in *The Morning Post*, 1803, and *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** The poet's conception of freedom reconciled with law and government. Compare Tennyson's poem, "Of old sat Freedom."

**Page 45. l. 4.**—"with pomp of waters." Dowden notes the source of the quotation—

And look how Thames. . .

Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood.

—Daniel, *History of the Civil War*, ii. vii.

**l. 5.**—**Roused though it be**, etc. The reading of 1827.

1807. And bear our freights of worth to foreign lands,  
Road by which all might come and go that would.

**l. 6.**—**the check of salutary bands.** Compare Tennyson's view of England—

A land of settled government,

A land of just and old renown,

Where Freedom slowly broadens down

From precedent to precedent.

—"You ask me why."

**ll. 12-13.**—**Shakespeare . . . Milton.** Note the peculiar power got by using these concrete illustrations of England's power. Define exactly the meaning of the references.

# WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY WHAT HAS TAMED.

**Composition and publication.** This sonnet was composed in September, 1802, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** The theme begins with the familiar depreciation of the commercial activities as against the aristocratic ideals of the soldier and the scholar. The poet viewing the actual strength and character of commercial England, finds his depreciation unwarranted. Suggest an appropriate title for the poem.

**Page 46. l. 2.—Nations.** The evil influence of commerce on character and national life is a favorite theme of idealists, who cite the history of Greece, Carthage, Rome, Venice, Holland. Cf.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

—Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, ll. 51ff.

**l. 6.—Now.** The reading of 1845—previously, But.

**l. 10.—a bulwark for the race of men.** The thought of England engaged in the European struggle against the despotism of Napoleon inspires many of W.'s sonnets. Exemplify.

## THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

**Historical note.** The influence of France on Switzerland greatly increased during the eighteenth century. With the spread of revolutionary ideas, the tyrannical rule of the Cantons and the aristocracy was more and more resented by the people of the country districts. In January, 1798, the Pays de Vaud revolted, and France intervened in its favour against Bern. With the capture of that city on the 5th of March, 1798, the Swiss con-

federation—an alliance of the Cantons which had in part ended from 1291—was at an end. The French Directory established, in place of the Confederacy, a Helvetic Republic, 1798, with a brand-new constitution. The old Cantonal boundaries were disregarded, and a new system of government and justice set up. Switzerland was looked upon as a conquest, and as such was dictated to and despoiled.

Different districts revolted against the “dictates of the foreigner”; among which Midwalden was conspicuous with its two thousand men against fifteen thousand French. Its chief town, Stanz, was blotted out in smoke and blood; but the heroic struggle awoke admiration and pity throughout Germany and England. Switzerland, thus in French hands, became an outwork of France against Austria, and the military burdens placed on her were intolerable. The partizans of the old order kept up a struggle to the death. In November, 1798, Napoleon returned from Egypt, and began to plan the government of Switzerland. Finally in 1802 he withdrew French forces from the country in consequence of the treaty of Amiens. Civil war broke out. Napoleon offered his “mediation,” and supported the offer by advancing forty thousand men. By the Act of Mediation, 1803, the Cantonal Government was restored, with a central Diet. But Switzerland was only a subject state, paying its tribute of 16,000 soldiers to the French army.

**Wordsworth's politics.** The French Revolution at first found in Wordsworth a devoted champion. He had visited France in 1790, and again in 1791, when he remained in that country for thirteen months, witnessing some of the stormiest scenes of that stormy time. His early enthusiasm chronicled itself in the words,

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven!

But the September massacres, the execution of the king

and queen, the deification of reason, the anarchy in the state tempered this early enthusiasm, though without shaking his confidence in the young Republic. Then, when the Revolution became a war of conquest, and the supremacy of Napoleon ended the aspirations of the people and threatened the liberty of Europe, Wordsworth turned from his republican sympathies to conservatism, and sought refuge from disappointed social ideals in poetry.

**Composition and publication.** In the winter of 1806, Dove Cottage, Grasmere, having become too small for the poet's family, he took up his abode at Coleorton, in Leicestershire, occupying a farm-house on the estate of his friend, Sir George Beaumont. There he watched with intense interest the struggle against Napoleon, as is shown by this sonnet and that on Germany,—

High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you.

The present poem, as the Fenwick note tells, "was composed while pacing to and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding, and the principal Farm-house of the Estate, in which we lived for nine or ten months." Written in 1807, it was published in *Poems*, 1807.

**age 47.—Title.** The title in *The Golden Treasury*,—"England and Switzerland, 1802," is Mr. Palgrave's invention.

l. 5.—a Tyrant. Napoleon. See Historical Note.

with holy glee. "In 1807, the whole of the Continent of Europe was prostrate under Napoleon. It is impossible to say to what special incident (if any in particular) he refers to in the phrase, 'with holy glee thou fought'st against him'; but, as the sonnet was composed at Coleorton in 1807—after Austerlitz and Jena, and Napoleon's practical mastery of Europe—our knowledge of the particular event or events would not add much to our understanding of the poem."—Knight, iv. 65.

## l. 9.—Of one deep bliss.

The lordly Alps themselves,  
Those rosy peaks, from which the morning looks  
Abroad on many nations, are no more  
For me that image of pure gladness  
Which they were wont to be.

—Wordsworth, *Prelude*, xl.

## l. 10.—cleave to that...left

This last spot of earth, where Freedom now  
Stands single in her only sanctuary.

—Wordsworth, *Prelude*, xl.

## TO SLEEP.

**Composition and publication.** This sonnet is the second and best of three on the same subject, composed in 1806, and published in 1807. The others begin,

O gentle sleep! do they belong to thee.  
Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep.

**The subject with other poets.** The lines recall numerous invocations of like nature elsewhere:—  
Iris to the God Sleep,—

Somne, quies rerum, placidissime Somne Deorum,  
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis  
Fessa, ministeriis mulces, reparasque labori.

—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xl. 623ff.

The lament of King Henry (quoted in the Appendix

O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, etc.

—II. *Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

Macbeth's cry,—

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep"; the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—*Macbeth*, ii. ii.



Sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal  
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where

no man

Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are  
unbroken!

Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.

—Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *Elizabeth*.

For Sidney's sonnet on Sleep, see Appendix; for Daniel's sonnet *To Sleep*, see Sharp's *Sonnets of This Century*.

Page 48. l. 5.—I have thought of all by turns, etc. The reading of 1845. W. found this line refractory.

1807. I've thought of all by turns: and still I lie.

1827. By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie.

1836. I thought of all by turns, and yet I lie.

"Wordsworth probably did not quite like the 'do lie' of 1845, but preferred it to beginning a line with 'I' and ending it with the double i vowel of 'I lie.'"—Dowden, iii. 334.

l. 8.—cuckoo's melancholy cry. Compare W.'s poem *To the Cuckoo*. The Poets have not always regarded the song of the cuckoo as melancholy.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,

No winter in thy year.

—Logan, *To the Cuckoo*.

Yet the solitary song, "the loud, guttural call in the depths of the forest,"—a "wandering voice"—justifies the epithet.

l. 13.—between. So 1832; but 1807, betwixt.

## BROOK! WHOSE SOCIETY THE POET SEEKS.

**Composition and publication.** Written and published in 1815.

**Theme.** "The brook referred to is doubtless either the Rotha or the Rydal beck [brook]. The Easedale beck, a tributary of the Rotha, runs among 'rocky passes' and 'flowery creeks,' and has numerous 'water-breaks' and as this was the favourite haunt of Wordsworth when he first settled in Grasmere, he may imaginatively go up the Rotha, and then take the Easedale beck up the valley past 'Emma's Dell.'"—*Knight*.

The Rotha or Rothay flows into Grasmere from the north, then from Grasmere into Rydal Mere, then into Windermere. It receives its tributary, Easedale Gill, from the west before entering Grasmere. Rydal Beck drains Rydal Fell, running southward past Rydal Mount into Rydal Mere.

The poet's thought is, How shall the poet look upon the Brook—as the naiad of the Greeks or as the visible form and vesture of the Eternal Soul? See notes to *Influence of Natural Objects*. Suggest an appropriate title for the poem.

**Page 49. l. 5.—Water-breaks.** Little shallow rapids.

**l. 6.—If wish were mine.** This is the reading of 1827. In the first ed.—

If I some type of thee did wish to view.

**give thee human cheeks.** As a naiad, or nymph of the water.

**channels for tears.** Cf. Shakspeare—

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks.

—*King Lear*, I. iv. 307.

**l. 13.—a safer good.** Until 1845, this read, a better good.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,  
CAMBRIDGE.

**Composition and publication.** This sonnet is one of a series on ecclesiastical subjects. "During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a . . Friend in a walk . . to fix upon the site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings. . . Not long after some of the Sonnets were composed. The Catholic Question . . kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me, that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country, might advantageously be presented to view in verse."—W., 1822. "My purpose in writing the series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation."—W.'s note to Miss Fenwick, Knight, vii. 2. "For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shock of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets; but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only—its difficulty."—Pref., ed. 1822.

The sonnet-sequence was published in 1822, entitled *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. It contained 102 Sonnets, of which *Inside King's College Chapel* is No. xxxiii. of Pt. III. Additional poems made the total number 132, of which our Sonnet is III. xliii. It follows a general sonnet on Cathedrals, celebrating the beauty of the Everlasting Piles, and precedes a second sonnet on King's College Chapel, depicting especially the effect of its organ-music.

**Theme.** King's College, Cambridge, and the magnificent Chapel, the glory of the University, were founded in

1441 by Henry VI. (1421-1472). The work of building the Chapel, interrupted by the murder of the king, was continued with intermissions by Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., who was chiefly instrumental in bringing it to completion. It was finished shortly after 1527.

The Chapel stands on the north side of the court, facing the great Gothic hall of the College; the Cam, spanned by a single arched bridge, runs past on the west. Its dimensions are noble,—in length 316 ft., breadth 84 ft., extreme height, 146 ft. Towers rise at each angle. On either side eleven buttresses, crowned with lofty pinnacles, separate twelve magnificent windows. "The interior has a richly vaulted roof of twelve divisions or severies, of the pattern called fan tracery. In the centre of each division is a pendant keystone, faced with a rose.... The spaces between the windows are filled with niches and with roses, portcullises, and fleur-de-lis.... Throughout the building the stone carvings are of astonishing boldness, and in the first style of art." (See Cooper, *Memorials of Cambridge*, I. 171ff., where splendid engravings of the College and Chapel are to be found.)

W., it will be remembered, was a student in St. John's College, Cambridge. One of the two sonnets is the probable outcome of W.'s visit to Cambridge in November and December of 1820.—Knight, *Life*, iii. 53f.

**Page 50. l. 1.—the royal saint.** It is said of Henry VI., that "his misfortunes and meek piety greatly endeared him to the common people, who revered his memory with intense devotion. It was believed that miracles were wrought at his tomb, and Henry VII. made an attempt to get him canonized."—Cooper, I. 173.

**l. 2.—the Architect.** As usual with mediæval architecture, the architect's name is nowhere preserved.

**l. 3.—Albeit.** "All (though) it be," although.

scanty band. The first foundation provided for only twelve scholars more or less. The number was soon increased and determined at seventy, which is the number to-day. These are chosen from students of Eton College.

l. 4.—**white-robed Scholars.** White-robed, 1822; white robed, 1843, 1846. Clothed in surplice for divine service in the Chapel.

l. 6f.—**Give all thou canst, etc.** "I would place first that spirit . . . which offers for such work precious things, simply because they are precious; not as being necessary to the building, but as offering, surrendering, and sacrifice of what is to ourselves desirable . . . It is a spirit, for instance, which of two marbles, equally beautiful, applicable and durable, would choose the more costly, because it was so, and of two kinds of decoration, equally effective, would choose the more elaborate because it was so, in order that it might in the same compass present more cost and more thought."—*Ruskin, Seven Lamps of Architecture*, chap. i.

l. 9.—**lofty pillars.** Strictly there are no pillars; yet the buttresses of the walls are fashioned inside like pillars.

l. 10.—**self-poised.** "This most singularly beautiful and ingenious structure [the inner roof of stone] is so contrived that it has no dependence whatever upon the walls . . . the whole weight of the roof being supported by the buttresses and towers alone . . . Such a combination of ingenuity with beauty, of lightness with stability, of architectural symmetry with mechanical skill, is probably without a parallel in any part of the world."—*The Cambridge Guide*, p. 77.

**scooped into ten thousand cells.** The vaulted roof is divided into twelve parts of equal height, and each vault is marked by lines converging ("that branching roof") at the buttresses that support it; these lines are again out by concentric circles, and elaborate stone tracery fills every space. This fan-vaulting is one peculiarly English,

the two chief examples being King's College Chapel and the chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey.

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### KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CONTINUED.

**Composition and publication.** Written and published under the same conditions as the preceding sonnet.

**Theme.** The refuge from low thoughts offered by the great edifices of Christian art.

**Page 51. l. 1.—a perishable home.** An allusion to 2. Corinthians, v. 1.

**l. 4.—aisles of Westminster.** The abbey church of Westminster dates from 616, and in its present form from the latter half of the thirteenth century. See Addison's essay in *The Spectator*, No. 26, March 30, 1711, and Washington Irving's in *The Sketch Book*.

**ll. 6-7.—wreath....droops.** The wisest bow the head.

**l. 8.—younger pile.** The present St. Paul's Cathedral, built by Sir Christopher Wren to take the place of the earlier Gothic Cathedral—Old St. Paul's—destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. The church, the third largest in Christendom, is built in the form of a Latin cross, having over the centre a gigantic dome; the style is Italian.

**sky-like dome.** "The dominant feature of the design is the dome over the central area. It consists of an inner shell, reaching a height of 216 feet, above which rises the exterior dome of wood, surmounted by a stone lantern, the summit of which is 360 feet from the pavement. This exterior dome, springing from a high drum surrounded by a magnificent peristyle, gives to the otherwise commonplace exterior of the cathedral a signal majesty of effect....The dome...is constructively interesting from the employment of a cone of brick masonry to support the stone lantern which rises above the exterior

wooden shell. The lower part of the cone forms the drum of the inner dome, its contraction upward being intended to produce a perspective illusion of increased height."—A. D. F. Hamlin, *History of Architecture*.

ll. 9-10.—**typified . . . . . infinity's embrace.** The circle has always been the symbol of eternity.

l. 11.—**cross, among the stars.** The height of the dome from the pavement to the top of the cross surmounting it is 360 feet.

l. 12.—**also.** Like Westminster Abbey, the great temple of the famous dead.

l. 13.—**mementos.** Monuments and tablets commemorating the dead. St. Paul's is the burial place of many naval and military officers—Duncan, Napier, Howe, Collingwood, Nelson, Wellington, also of Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, Wren, Hallam, John Howard, Turner.

**satiate.** The archaic perfect participle once frequently used with verbs in—ate.

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

—Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iv. i. 132.

## TO THE DAISY.

**Composition and publication.** "This, and the other poems addressed to the same flower (i.e. *In youth from rock to rock I went*, and *With little here to do or see*) were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one—'thy function apostolical'—as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to

moral and to spiritual purposes."—Fenwick Note. The poet even omitted the stanza containing the line in the edd. 1827, 1832.

The poem was composed in 1802, and published in *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** "It is curiously characteristic that Wordsworth, who taught his philosophy by examples taken from the field, Michael, Margaret, and their like, should have exercised his fancy upon the blossoms of the hedgerow. In contrast to Tennyson whose idylls were of the king, and whose honey was won from roses, Wordsworth went to humble life for his people and his flowers alike. He made beautiful the 'unassuming commonplace of Nature,' and recurred again and again to the daisy, the primrose, the violet, and the common pilewort, as parallel types to his heroes of the plough."—Magnus.

**Page 52. l. 1.—Bright flower.** The reading of 1843.

1807. A pilgrim bold in Nature's care.

The ed. of 1836 changed the first three lines—

Confiding Flower, by Nature's care,  
Made bold,—who, lodging here or there,  
Art all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow.

l. 6.—**Some concord.** The ed. of 1836 varied this to—  
Communion with humanity.

l. 8.—**thorough.** "Through" and "thorough" are variant forms of A.S. *thurh*, which in recent times have become differentiated in use. Cf.

Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere.

—Shakspeare, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. I. 3ff.

ll. 17ff.—**Thou wander'st the wide world about, etc.**  
An undertone of suggestion is throughout this stanza of the mission of the apostles. See Luke x., I. Corinthians iv. 9-12, etc.



l. 23.—apostolical. The root (see above) is in Greek *apostolos*, a. apostle, "one sent away (forth)"; *apostellein*, to send away.

## ODE TO DUTY.

**Composition and publication.** "This ode is on the model of Gray's *Ode to Adversity*, which is copied from Horace's *Ode to Fortune*. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern law-giver. Transgressor, indeed, I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful brethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves, and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us.

"Jam non concilio bonus, sed more ed perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possum."—Fenwick Note.

This ode was composed in 1805, and printed in *Poems*, 1807. A cancelled version, "in all probability the first draft," is printed by Tutin in his *Wordsworth Dictionary*. It is manifestly inferior in quality to the present one.

**Page 53.—Ode. Its form.** The word ode (Gk. *ode*, *aido*, I sing) was primarily applied to a chant sung to musical accompaniment. The term embraced the triumphal odes of Pindar as well as the simpler strains of lyric verse. The simpler varieties were favoured by Latin poets such as Horace and Catullus, and have been most generally imitated.

English odes began with Spenser's lofty *Epithalamium*, written under either Greek or Italian influence; but it was the classical spirit of Ben Jonson that made the manner

popular. Herrick in the lighter vein, Milton in the grandiose (as in *The Nativity*), Cowley, Dryden, and, above all, Gray, in their Pindaric odes (cf. *The Bard*), Collins in his Horatian imitations (as in *Evening*; see Appendix), carried on the history of the ode through the eighteenth century.

With the Romantic revival the ode was eagerly seized on to embody the highest passion of an age of lyrical feeling. Abandoning all attempts to imitate the measures of antiquity, the new poets sought after subtle harmonies in cadence, variation in length of line and stanza, and in the order of the rhymes. Coleridge's *France*, 1797, Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, 1803-6, and *Duty*, 1805, Keats's *Nightingale*, 1819, Shelley's *Sky-lark*, 1820, all show the varied form of the ode, at the same time that they show the common element,—“the strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme” (Edmund Gosse).

Wordsworth took as the model for this ode Gray's *Hymn to Adversity*.

l. 1.—**Daughter of the Voice of God.** So Gray begins, addressing Adversity as daughter of Jove, being of divine order, leading men to wisdom.

Wordsworth's words are suggested by biblical passages, as when Moses was to receive the Commandments, “God answered with a voice” (Ex. xix. 19). Duty followed from the command.

l. 3.—**light to guide.** Cf. Psalms cxix. 105.

**a rod . . . to reprove.** Cf. Proverbs xxix. 15.

l. 5.—**victory and law.** Duty amidst the tumult of our fears make clear to us our course, following which we are given victory over our terrors.

l. 8.—**And calm'st the weary strife.** Till 1815 this read—

From strife and from despair; a glorious ministry.

l. 12.—the genial sense of youth. The instinctive impulses of youth, which Wordsworth's philosophy treats as of divine origin. Cf. *To My Sister*.

I moved among mankind  
With genial feelings still predominant;  
When erring, erring in the better part  
And in the kinder spirit.

—*The Prelude*, xi.

ll. 15f.—Oh! if through confidence misplaced, etc. The reading of 1836.

1807. May joy be theirs while life shall last!  
And thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

1827. \* Long may the kindly impulse last!  
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

l. 20.—its own security. By its very nature preserved from evil influences. The impulses of a happy nature are just; joy, therefore, will guard us from evil passions.

ll. 21f.—And thou, a blissful course, etc. Until 1827 this read—

And blest are they who in the main  
This faith, even now, do entertain.

l. 23.—this creed. Belief in the guiding power of love and joy.

l. 24.—Yet seek thy firm support. The reading of 1845.

1807. Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

1828. Yet find they firm support, according to their need.

Page 54. l. 25.—untried. In the sense of 1 Peter, iv. 12.

l. 27.—being to myself a guide. This torch of the poet's personal history is developed in *The Prelude*

Personal Liberty

Which to the blind restraints of general laws  
Superior, magisterially adopts  
One guide, the light of circumstances, flashed  
Upon an independent intellect...

... wished that Man  
Should... spread abroad the wings of Liberty,  
Lord of himself, in undisturbed delight.

ll. 201.—And oft when in my heart...stray. The reading of 1827.

1807 Resolved that nothing e'er should press  
Upon my present happiness,  
I shoved unwelcome tasks away.

1815. And oft when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task imposed from day to day.

l. 37.—*unchartered freedom*. Liberty not guaranteed by law—like the liberties of a town not guaranteed by a charter from the Crown. Cf.

Who have felt the weight of too much liberty.

—Wordsworth, *Sonnet, Nuns fret not*.

l. 40—that ever. Till 1827—which ever.

l. 45.—*Flowers laugh*. Wordsworth transfers to Duty the gifts of Venus, at the touch of whose feet the earth burst into bloom.

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS.

**Composition and publication.** “Sir George Beaumont painted two pictures of this subject (Peele Castle), one of which he gave to Mrs. Wordsworth, saying that she ought to have it; but Lady Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's death she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, at whose house at Foxley I have seen it.” (Fenwick Note.) “One of the pictures of ‘Peele Castle in a Storm’ . . . is still in the gallery of Sir George Beaumont at Coleorton Hall.” —Knight.

The poem was written in 1805 and published in *Poems*, 1807.

**Theme.** John Wordsworth, whose tragic death affected Wordsworth so deeply, was a much loved younger brother of the poet. He was born in 1772; he lived some time at Dove Cottage; and was drowned off Weymouth

in command of the East-Indiaman, "The Earl of Abergavenny," 1805. He is "the never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea" in *The Prelude*. He is in large part Leonard in *The Brothers*, and joins with Nelson as the original of *The Character of the Happy Warrior*. See also *Elegiac Stanzas*, 1805—

"The sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!"

The story of his death is thus given by Myers: "John Wordsworth . . . looked forward to Grasmere as the final goal to his wanderings, and intended to use his own savings to set the poet free from worldly cares. Two more voyages the sailor made with such hopes as these, and amid a frequent interchange of books and letters with his brother at home. Then in February, 1805, he set sail from Portsmouth, in command of the 'Abergavenny' East-Indiaman, bound for India and China. Through the incompetence of the pilot who was taking her out of the Channel, the ship struck on the Shambles, off the Bill of Portland, on February 5, 1805." "She struck," says Wordsworth, "at 5 p.m. Guns were fired immediately, and were continued to be fired. She was gotten off the rock at half-past seven, but had taken in so much water, in spite of constant pumping, as to be water-logged. They had, however, hope that she might still be run upon Weymouth sands, and with this view continued pumping and bailing until eleven, when she went down. . . . A few minutes before the ship went down my brother was seen talking to the first mate with apparent cheerfulness; and he was standing on the hen-coop, which is the point from which he could overlook the whole ship, the moment she went down—dying, as he had lived, in the very place and point where his duty stationed him."—Wordsworth, Letter to Sir George Beaumont, March 12, 1805.

"Through all Wordsworth's poetry . . . composed before the age of thirty-five, there runs a vein of Optimism . . .

Hitherto human sorrow had been to him but a "still sad music" far away. But when, in 1805, Nature, with her night and tempest, drove his favourite brother's ship on the Shambles of Portland Head, and wrecked the life he greatly loved, then he learned that she was not always serene, but could be stern and cruel. Then sorrow came home to him, and entered into his inmost soul... From that time on, the sights and sounds of Nature took to Wordsworth a soberer hue, a more solemn tone. The change of mood is grandly expressed in the *Elegiac Stanzas on a Picture of Peele Castle*, where he says that he now could look no more on—

A smiling sea and be what I have been.

Yet he gives way to no weak or selfish lamentation, but sets himself to draw from the sorrow fortitude for himself, sympathy and tenderness for others:—

Then welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,

And frequent sights of what is to be borne ;

Such sights, or worse, as are before me here ;—

Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

That is manly and health-giving sorrow."—Shairp, *On Poetic Interpretation of Nature*.

**Page 55. Elegiac Stanzas.** Elegy (Gk. *elegeia*, a song of lamentation) was the name specially given in classical prosody to poems written in lines alternating hexameter with pentameter. The term in English poetry refers rather to the prevailing tone of the poem, but the alternation of rimes, which is sometimes, as in Gray's *Elegy* and here, employed by the poet, reflects the classical variation.

**Peel(e) Castle**, or the Piel of Fouldry, built on Peel Island (between the Isle of Walney and the main land, n.w. Lancaster), dates from the 12th century—a massive structure now in ruins.

**l. 2.—Four summer weeks.** The "four summer weeks" referred to were probably during the year 1794, when the

poet spent part of a college vacation with his cousin, Mrs. Barker.

**Page 56.** ll. 14ff.—and add the gleam, etc. The first reading and the last and the best. The ed. of 1820 has—

And add a gleam  
Of lustre known to neither sea nor land,  
But borrowed from the youthful Poet's dream.

The ed. of 1827 reads—the gleam, the lustre.

“Like the moisture or the polish on a pebble, genius neither distorts nor false colours its objects; but, on the contrary, brings out many a vein and many a tint, which escape the eye of common observation.”—Coleridge. Whence comes this moisture, this polish, this light? It is not from the object—it is the special illumination of the poet or painter, born of his mind, irradiating the objects it is cast upon, till they yield meaning and beauty hitherto concealed.

l. 21.—**treasure-house.** The reading of the ed. of 1845. The 1807 ed. has,—a treasure house a mine.

l. 26.—**Elysian quiet.** Delightful repose, like that of Elysium, where happy spirits dwelt among groves, streams, and fields.

l. 32.—**A stedfast peace.** The reading of 1836.

1807. A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.

**Page 57.** l. 41.—**Beaumont, Friend!** Sir George Beaumont (1754–1827) of Coleorton Hall, Essex, was “a connoisseur, patron of art and landscape gardening.” He became acquainted with Wordsworth while on a visit to Coleridge at Keswick in 1803, and was one of his most valued and most intimate friends.

l. 42.—**Him whom I deplore.** John Wordsworth. See above.

l. 53.—**the heart that lives alone.** Compare the spirit of Lord Byron's verse.

## TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

**Composition and publication.** In 1820 Wordsworth, publishing a series of sonnets on themes suggested by his remembrances of the river Duddon, dedicated the volume to his brother by means of this poem. It was printed in the second edition of the volume. The poem opens with a vignette of life at Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home from 1813 till his death.

**Theme.** The theme is that of the man who can rejoice at duty nobly done in crowded cities, but who still feels he has himself chosen the better part in keeping to the honest simplicity of country life, especially life ennobled by intercourse with nature among the mountains and with the dalesmen, rugged guardians of the primitive virtues.

The Rev. Dr. Wordsworth was Christopher Wordsworth, the younger brother of the poet, born at Cocker-mouth in 1774, educated at Hawkshead and Trinity College, Cambridge, died 1846, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Uckfield, Sussex. He was made Chaplain of the House of Commons in 1816. At the time of the writing of this poem (1820) he was Rector of Lambeth parish (see l. 65).

**Page 58.—The River Duddon** "rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire . . . enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum."—Wordsworth note.

**l. 1.—The Minstrels played.** An allusion to the old custom of the "waits," musicians who went about all night long before Christmas, playing before particular houses, and receiving entertainment from the people thus honoured.



**Page 59. l. 22.—rustic Powers.** Influences of country life other than those of nature—customs, traditions, manners (l. 55).

**l. 42.—self-complacent innocence.** This repeats, in a more abstract way, the picture of the poet's daughter Catherine:—

As a faggot sparkles on the hearth,  
Not less if unattended and alone  
Than when both young and old sit gathered round  
And take delight in its activity;  
Even so this happy Creature of herself  
Is all-sufficient, solitude to her  
Is blithe society, who fills the air  
With gladness and involuntary songs.

—Wordsworth, *Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old.*

**l. 43.—the grave disguise.** The little outward courtesy did not evince their feelings.

**l. 46.—names once heard.** A touch of personal sorrow. In 1812, the poet lost his young children—Thomas, born 1806, and Catherine, born 1808.

**ll. 47f.—Tears brightened... for infant.** A suggestion, perhaps, of the poet's personal loss in 1812, mingled with a recollection of his youngest child, born in 1810. But the picture is a general truth of human life.

**Page 60. l. 49.—emerald fields.** The moisture of the air in the Lake District is very great. The turf is fine and thick, "the tenderness and freshness of the green tints were something to remember,—the hue of the first springing April grass, massed and wide-spread in mid-summer" (Burroughs).

**l. 50.—ambient streams.** Encompassing (Lat. *ambiens*, going about). The streams are the clear-running mountain streams about Cockermouth and Hawkshead.

Fondly I pursued,  
Even when a child, the Streams... viewed  
The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—

Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,  
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green,  
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude.

—Wordsworth, *The River Duddon*, xxvi.

l. 51.—**Cytherea's zone.** Venus Aphrodite (Gk. *aphros*, foam), the foam-born, was fabled to have sprung from the sea-foam, and to have been carried by the west wind to the island of Cythera, or Cerigo (hence her name Cytherea). Her zone (Gk. *zone*, girdle) is the ocean foam.

l. 52.—**The Thunderer.** Jupiter Tonans.

l. 53.—**heart of hearts.** Cf. *Hamlet*, iii., ii., 78.

l. 55.—**Manners.** Not knowledge of etiquette, but deep-seated principles of which outward actions are the expression. Cf.

Give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

—Wordsworth, *London*, 1802.

l. 57.—**Remnants of love.** Subordinate to "manners" (l. 55). The kindly feelings (l. 44) of humanity, once wide-spread, have been supplanted in cities, and now are withdrawn modestly into the seclusion of mountain dales.

l. 65.—**Lambeth's venerable towers.** The official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury is the great edifice, Lambeth Palace, built in part in 1244, situated on the banks of the Thames, in the south-western part of London.

l. 70.—**And profit by those kindly rays.** Cf. *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, especially stanza ix.—

Those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day.

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

**Composition and publication.** This poem was composed, with its sequel, "in front of Rydal Mount, and during my walks in the neighbourhood; nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air."—Fenwick Note.

It was published in 1870.

**Theme.** The poem praises autumn as having peculiar charms not possessed by spring, and suggests a moral application to human life. Compare Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. Note the climacteric development of the idea. Does W. show a lessening sympathy and belief as respects nature in these later poems?

**Page 61.** l. 1.—The sylvan slopes. The scene the valley in which lies Rydal Mere. For illustration p. xxv.

**corn.** In Great Britain applied to any cereal—in England particularly wheat, in Scotland and Ireland oats.

l. 3.—**trophies.** Allusion to the votive offerings hung in ancient temples.

l. 5.—**the blue lake.** Rydal Mere.

l. 6.—**mountains.** Part of the Cumberlain Mountains—particularly Nab Scar and Loughrigg Fell.

l. 8.—**unir** by love. As compared with the great period g—the mating-time in spring.

**Page 62.** l. 27. Who can provide. Cf. Matthew, vi. 26.

l. 29.—**radiant Sersphim.** Cf. Isaiah, vi. 2, 3.

## UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

**Composition and publication.** See note to the preceding poem.

**Theme.** The birds in autumn, compared with the birds in spring, offer by analogy a lesson to the poet in his own life and work. Does W. show here his consciousness of a change in his nature and his interests, and of a decline in his poetic power?

l. 11.—**social.** As flocking in autumn.

**Page 63.** l. 14.—**my leaf is sere.** Cf. Shakspeare, Sonnet LXXIII; also—

My way of life  
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf.

—*Macbeth*, v. iii. 22.

l. 21.—**undiscordant themes.** Cf. ll. 23, 24 and ll. 13–18 of the preceding poem.

l. 25.—**deathless powers.** Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. xxx., IV. ix. and Shakspeare, Sonnet LV.

l. 26.—**Demi-gods.** In classical mythology, minor divinities—especially the fabled heroes, offspring of gods and mortals, sharing in divine nature and strength.

l. 27.—**the Muses.** The nine Muses of Greece and Rome who inspired the various arts of poetry, drama, music, dancing, etc.

ll. 28–30.—**some . . . defile.** W. is thinking, perhaps, of Byron or the poets of the Restoration.

l. 31.—**initiatory strains.** The reference is to Cædmon (*kad'mon*), the herdsman of the Abbey of Whitby, who in Anglo-Saxon verse sang the story of the creation under the title of *Genesis*. Cf. Milton's expression of the effect of music at the nativity of Christ, in his *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

**Page 64. l. 38.—Alcæus (*al æ' us*).** One of the greatest of Greek lyric poets (611–580, B.C.). Native of Mytilene in Lesbos, he joined in the struggle against Pittacus, the ruler of his town, inspiring the nobles with his odes directed against the tyrant, was banished and died in exile. Horace refers to the “threatening verses” of Alcæus (*Odes* IV. ix. 7), which suggests Wordsworth’s thought.

**ll. 43ff.—And not unhallowed.** Sappho, the chief woman poet of antiquity, in the sixth century B.C., was born at Mytilene in Lesbos. She threw herself into the sea because of her hopeless love of Phaon. Her Ode to Aphrodite shows the passion of unrequited love (“vain pursuit”).

**l. 48.—Æolian lute.** The Æolians, one of the chief Greek races, colonized part of the west coast of Asia Minor. Among their colonies was Mytilene in Lesbos, where their dialect found literary expression in the works of Alcæus and Sappho. The lute (a stringed instrument, resembling a mandolin) was in the middle ages a favourite instrument for chamber music. Wordsworth uses the word loosely for the Grecian harp.

**l. 50.—Herculean lore.** Herculaneum was a sea-coast town between Naples and Pompeii; with Pompeii it was destroyed by volcanic eruption of Mt. Ætna in 79 A.D. Excavations made in 1752 disclosed in one library hundreds of rolls of papyri, containing fragments of classical literature. Efforts are being made now to organize fresh excavations, which, it is hoped, will discover lost books of classic literature.

**l. 52.—Theban fragment.** As of the poet Pindar, the lyric poet of Thebes (522–442 B.C.). Except his Triumphal Odes, only fragments of his work are extant. Thebes was in Bœotia, Greece, and was celebrated in Greek legend.

**l. 54.—Simonides.** A great lyric poet (556–467 B.C.) living at Athens, in Thessaly, and at Syracuse. He per-

fected the elegy and epigram and excelled as well in the ode. Only fragments of his work, inspired with high morality, have survived. "His couplets—calm, simple, terse, strong as the deeds they celebrate, enduring as the brass or stone which they adorned—animated succeeding generations of Greek patriots."—J. A. Symonds, *Studies of Greek Poets*. His work was well-known to Horace (l. 58); see *Odes*, II. i. and IV. ix.

l. 58.—**What Horace loved.** This is a general reference to the relation of the Roman poets, philosophers, and orators towards Greek literature, from which they drew their inspiration.

l. 59.—**Maro.** The family name of the Roman poet Virgil—Publius Vergilius Maro (*mār o*).

l. 60.—**haughty Time.** Cf. Shakspeare, Sonnet cxv, "time's tyranny."

## NOTES ON COLERIDGE.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

**Circumstances of composition and publication.** In November, 1796, Coleridge had taken up his residence in Somersetshire, in the village of Nether Stowey. Thither in July of the following year came Wordsworth to settle in Alfoxden, three miles distant, to be within reach of Coleridge's society. There the *Ancient Mariner* (A. M.) was planned and composed. The story of its origin is told in most detail by Wordsworth in a note to *We are Seven*, dictated to Miss Fenwick :—

“ In the autumn of 1797 (spring of 1798, Knight) he [Coleridge], my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visiting Linton and the Valley of Stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to pay the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the ‘New Monthly Magazine,’ set up by Phillips, the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded along the Quantock Hills [near Nether Stowey], towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the *Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank [a neighbour of the poet's]. Much the greater part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I myself suggested: for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages*, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw alba-

trosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen (fifteen, Knight) feet: 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to revenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together, on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular:

'And listen'd like a three years' child;  
The Mariner had his will.'

"These trifling contributions all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days.... by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The *Ancient Mariner* grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectations of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume."—*Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, i. 107; Knight, i. 198 f.

Coleridge's account of its composition shows the philosopher's side. His conversation, he said, with Wordsworth often turned on "two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful



adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination.... The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence arrived at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real.... For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.... In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads; in which it was agreed that my endeavours should be directed to poems and characters supernatural, or at least to romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.... With this view I wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing among other poems, *The Dark Lad*, and the *Christabel*."—Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, chap. xiv.

The very memorable volume in which Coleridge and Wordsworth thus collaborated was the *Lyrical Ballads*, published in Bristol and London in 1798.

**The history of the text.** The *A. M.* in its present form shows the result of many years' changes and revisions. The first printed version of the poem, in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, was no sooner published than the work of revision began. Later editions show decided modifications. Already in 1802 archaisms of spelling and language become rarer, and much of the grotesqueness and weakness of the original draft are pruned off. In *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, these modifications are completed. The marginal gloss here first appears, and the motto from Burnet, and the poem, with the exception of a few lines, has attained its permanent form. In 1828 the poet col-

lected and arranged his poems, and the text of the *A. M.* had its final revision. In 1829 was issued the last edition on which the poet bestowed his personal attention. There remained for the edition of 1835 only the reduction of the orthography, especially the use of capital letters, to present usage. Our text is therefore founded on the edition of 1829, while it follows the orthography of the edition of 1835.

The various modifications of the text, other than spelling and punctuation, are noted from the following editions:—

(1) 1798, *Lyrical Ballads, with a Few Other Poems*. London, pp. 1-52.

(2) 1802, *Lyrical Ballads, with Pastoral and other Poems*. By William Wordsworth, London, 1802 (3rd ed. i. 143-189.

the same (4th ed.)

(3) *Syllable Leaves: A Collection of Poems*. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq., London, 1817. pp. 1-39.

(5) 1829, *The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge*.... London, 1829. ii. 1-38.

(6) 1835, the same. London and Boston, 1835. ii. 1-27.

**The gloss.** The marginal gloss, which is at times a summary, at times a commentary of the text, was, as we noted, entirely absent in the editions previous to 1817. On the other hand the earlier editions had the following Argument preceding the poem, which was afterwards incorporated into the gloss:—

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by Storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from there she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancient Marinere came back to his own country. 1798 ed., p. 3.

The Gloss, like the numerous archaisms of vocabulary, phrase, and construction contained in the poem, adds to

its archaic character, making it a closer imitation of the older literature, in which marginal glosses abound.

**Sources.** As already noted, the kernel of the story—the voyage, and spectral persecution for killing the albatross—are Wordsworth's suggestion, due to Shelvocke's *Voyage* (see *A. M.* 63n.). Cruikshank's dream, already referred to, supplied the notion of a skeleton ship, manned by skeleton figures, though the legend of the Phantom Ship (*A. M.* 161n.) suggests many details. For the description of the Sea of Ice, and of the Pacific, C. drew on his reading, —Crantz's *History of Greenland*, etc. The power of fascination possessed by the Mariner was not unknown to the poet himself in his own conversation (*Table Talk*, i. 234n.). The Wedding Guest is the usual object of ghostly apparitions in the English and German literature of horrors contemporary with Coleridge, by which, especially in the *A. M.* 1798, he was not a little influenced. It has also been suggested (Brandl) that the witch in *Macbeth*, i. iii., who would sail in a sieve to persecute a mariner,—

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:  
Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost,—

has kinship with Life-in-Death. Also that the navigation of the ship by the lonely Mariner, the aid of the angelic host, the arrival into port, and welcome by the boatmen, are all paralleled by the story that Paulinus of Nora told to Vicarius, Vice-Prefect of Rome (latter half of 4th century).

Influences much stronger and more certain than these last came from the ballad literature of Britain, in which Coleridge took a deep interest, along with most of his contemporaries in England and Germany. No more striking proof of the part taken in the rise of the Romantic Movement (see introd.) by such collections as

Percy's *Reliques* can be adduced than the way in which the phraseology and constructions and general style of the ballads are preserved in the *A. M.*, one of the greatest products of the movement (see *A. M. nn.* for details).

To the ballad literature we owe likewise the metre of the poem. Only, where the ballads were irregular by carelessness, C. was irregular by art, using his variations to accord with the mood and substance of his subject. His use of sectional rime, too, while not unknown in the latest ballads, shows the exquisite metrist rather than the writer of popular ballads.

**Page 67. Title.** The Rime, etc. In 1800-5, The Ancient Mariner, a Poet's Reverie.

The use of *Rime* with the meaning of tale in verse is archaic.

Other tales certes can [know] I noon [none]  
But of a ryme I lerned longe agoon [ago].

—Chaucer, *C. T.*, *Sir Thopas*, Prol.

(*AS. rim*, number, *OFr. rime*, verse, rime.)

**The Motto. Facile credo.** Added in 1817. "I can easily believe, that there are more Invisible than Visible beings in the Universe....; but who will declare to us the family of all these, and acquaint us with the Agreements, Differences, and Peculiar Talents which are to be found among them? [What is their work? Where are their dwelling-places?] It is true, Human Wit has always desired a Knowledge of these Things, though it has never yet attained it....I will own that it is very profitable, sometimes to contemplate in the Mind, as in a Draught, the Image of the greater and better World; lest the Soul being accustomed to the Trifles of this present Life, should contract itself too much, and altogether rest in mean Cogitations; but, in the mean Time, we must take Care to keep to the Truth, and observe Moderation, that we may distinguish Certain from Uncer-

tain Things, and Day from Night." Tr. of 2nd ed., by Mr. Mead and Mr. Foxton, Lond., 1736, p. 86 f.

Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715), from whose *Archæologia Philosophica*—a treatise on the Origin of Things—the extract is drawn, was Master of the Charter-house School and Chaplain to William III.; author likewise of other Latin works,—*The Sacred Theory of the Earth, The Faith and Duties of Christians*, etc.

PART I.

l. 1.—It is an ancient Mariner. This archaism is imitated from the ballads.

It was a Friar of orders gray  
Walkt forth to tell his beades.

—*The Friar of Orders Gray*, l. 1. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

It was a Knight in Scotland borne, etc.

—*The Fair Flower of Northumberland*, l. 1. (Child's *Ballads*, i. 113.)

ancient. Suggesting not only aged but also belonging to olden times.

"It was a delicate thought to put the weird tale not into the author's own mouth, but into that of an ancient mariner, who relates it with dreamy recollection."—Brandl, p. 202.

l. 3.—By thy long gray beard. Swearing by the beard is not rare in older literature.

*Touch.* Swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

—Shakspeare, *As You Like It*, i. ii.

Cf. *Richard of Almaine*, ll. 32, 38. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

But here it is more than an expletive. It gives picturesque suggestion of the appearance of the Mariner without the effort of description.

l. 3.—and glittering eye. 1798-1805, and thy glittering eye. The glitter of the eye characterizes some kinds of insanity.

l. 4.—*stopp'st thou me?* 1708-1805, *Stoppest me?*

l. 8.—*May'st hear.* This omission of "thou" is somewhat frequent in older literature in questions, and not unknown in statements. (Abbott, *Shaks. Gr.* §§241, 401.)

It was she

First told me thou wast mad; then [thou] cam'st in smiling.

—*Twelfth Night*, ii. iii. 121 f.

Page 63. l. 9. *He holds him*, etc. The 1798 ed. reads:

But *he* holds the wedding-guest—

There *as* a Ship, quoth he—

"Nay, if thou's got a laughsome tale,

"Marinere! come with me."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

Quoth he, there was a Ship—

"Now get thee hence, thou grey-beard Loon!

Or my staff shall make thee skip."

ll. 9, 13.—*He holds him . . . He holds him.* The repetition here and throughout the poem (see ll. 23 f, 25 f, 29, 59 f, 68, etc.) should be noted as a leading stylistic peculiarity of the *A. M.* Though used by C. with infinitely greater effect and variety than it was used in the ballads, it has still its source in the ballad literature. Compare, for example,

And when the(y) came to Kyng Adlands halls,

Of red gold shone their weeds [garments].

And when they came to Kyng Adlands hall

Before the goodlye gate, etc.

—*King Estmere*, l. 31 ff. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

Now Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,

Now Christ thee save and see [protect]!

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe....

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold....

—*The Child of Elle*, ll. 13, 14, 21, 25. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all....

Late late yestreen [yester(day) even] I saw the new moone....

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit....

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand.

—*Sir Patrick Spence*, ll. 21, 25, 33, 37. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 11.—**gray-beard loon.** Clown, rascal, from O. Dutch *loen*, a clodhopper.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone.

—*The Heir of Linne*, l. 69. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, v. iii. 11.

In modern usage, *e.g.* "crazy as a loon," the loon referred to is the water-fowl, ~~as the old and modern sea bird.~~

l. 12.—**eftsoons.** A compound of *eft*, AS. *eft* (cf. *after*), again, after; and *soon*, AS. *soone*, soon, with adverbial suffix *s* (cf. *while*, *—soon after*; or here, at once, "*forthwith*." A *sm* from Spenser and the ballads:

Eftsoones he gan apply relief  
Of salves and med'cines.

—Spenser, *F. Q.*, l. x. xxiv.

And eke the stout St. George eftsoon

He made the dragon follow.

—*St. George for England*, l. 290 f. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 15.—**Three years' child.** 1798, three year's child; 1817, 1829, three years child.

l. 22.—**drop.** Put to sea with the ebbing tide.

l. 23.—**kirk.** The Scotch and Northern English form of *church* (AS. *cyric*), preserving the *c*'s hard, while Midland and Southern English assibilated them.

The touches of Northern dialect in *A. M.* are significant proof of the influence of Northern ballad poetry. "There is scarcely," says Percy, "an old historical song or ballad, wherein a minstrel or harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been 'of the north countrye.'"

l. 32.—**bassoon.** A reed instrument, keyed like a clarinet, but blown from the side by a bent metal mouth-piece. It furnishes the bass for the wood wind-instruments, such as the flutes, clarinets, etc. (Ital. *bassone*, augmentative of *basso*, low.)

Page 69. l. 34.—Red as a rose. A stock comparison in the ballads.

Her cheeks were like the roses red.

—*Dowsabell*, l. 92. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 35.—goes. 1805, go.

l. 37.—The wedding-guest he beat. The repetition of the subject is frequent in the ballads.

Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose.

—*The Rising in the North*, l. 108. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

Our king he kept a false stewarde.

—*Sir Aldingar*, l. 1. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

ll. 41-54.—And now the storm blast, etc.

1798. Listen, Stranger! Storm and Wind,

A Wind and Tempest strong!

For days and weeks it play'd us freaks—

Like Chaff we drove along.

Listen, Stranger! Mist and Snow,

And it grew wond'rous cauld:

And Ice mast-high came floating by

As green as Emerald.

In 1802-5 the reading is nearer our text, but still lacks the splendid figure of ll. 45-50:—

But now the Northwind came more fierce

There came a Tempest strong!

And Southward still for days and weeks

Like Chaff we drove along.

And now there came both Mist and Snow, etc.

l. 46.—As who pursued, etc. This use of the relative who without antecedent is archaic.

And I will set this foot of mine as far

As who goes farthest.

—Shakspeare, *Julius Caesar*, l. iii. 12.

l. 47.—Still treads the shadow. "Still" 'as an archaic sense here, = ever. The shadow of his pursuing enemy already reaches his feet, but ever he presses on.

l. 55.—through the drifts the snowy clifts, etc. Clifts (cf. *Is.* lvii. 5) is a secondary form of cliff, showing the influence of clift (secondary form of cleft). The light



reflected from the snowy summits cast a desolate splendour through the great masses of floating ice.

l. 56.—**sheen**. Sheen is used, first, as an adjective, = bright (AS. *scene*, bright, shining), as in l. 314; as a noun,—brightness, splendour, as here.

l. 57.—**nor shapes . . . nor beasts**. The 1798 text has the archaic form :

Ne shapes of men ne beasts we ken.

*Ne* for *nor* similarly was the first reading in ll. 116, 122, 158, 332, 441, 453, 543.

l. 57.—**ken**. (AS. *cennan*, to cause to know, from *cann*, know, can); here descry, see.

Page 70. l. 62.—**Like noises in a swound**. In 1805 this read,

A wild and ceaseless sound.

**swound**. An archaic or provincial form of swoon. Swoon is Mid. Eng. *swoune*, on which grew a *d*, as in sound (Fr. *son*), expound, etc. (Cf. the vulgar pronunciation drownd, gownd, etc.)

The basis of the simile is the excessive pulse and hammering in the ears, which sometimes precede syncope. Noises, it is said also, are sometimes magnified during the attack.

My ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;

My brain with horrid tumult swims; etc.

—Coleridge, *New Year's Ode*.

l. 63.—**albatross**. See *Circumstances of composition*. The passage in Shelvocke's *Voyage*, which suggested the Albatross of our poem is as follows.—Captain Shelvocke is describing the coast of Patagonia: "These (Pintado birds) were accompanied by *Albitrosses*, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some of them extending their wings 12 or 13 foot."

It is, however, more interesting to see that the suggestions of the ominous character of the albatross, its death

at the hands of one of the crew, etc., are apparently directly drawn from the *Voyage*. After rounding Cape Horn, Captain Shelvocke continues: "One would think it impossible that any thing living could subsist in so rigid a climate; and indeed, we all observed, that we had not had the sight of one fish of any kind, since we were come to the Southward of the streights of *le Mair*, not one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black *Albitross*, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if lost himself, till Hatley (my second Captain) observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that the bird was always hovering near us, imagined from his colour, that it might be some ill omen. That which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition, was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds, which had oppress'd us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, after some fruitless attempts, at length, shot the *Albitross*, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it." p. 72 f.—*A Voyage round the World, . . . 1719-22*, by Capt. George Shelvocke, London, 1726.

For De Quincey's ill-natured comment on this borrowing, see his *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*. Wordsworth casts doubt on the borrowing from Shelvocke, "which probably," he says, "Coleridge never saw." (Ed. 1852, notes.)

l. 65.—As if it had been.

1798.           And an it were a Christian Soul.

l. 67.—It ate the food, etc.

1798-1805.    The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms.

l. 69.—thunder-fit. Noise and commotion as of thunder.

l. 76.—*vespers*. Here used either with its etymological sense,—Lat. *vesper*, evening; or by virtue of its meaning of the evening Church Service, figuratively for evening. Cf.

They are black vesper's pageants.

—Shakspeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. xiv. 8.

l. 77.—**Whiles.** Cf. the adverbial *s* of "eftsoons."

l. 12. The form is archaic, used in the ballads, etc.

Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,

For my lyff days ben [are] gan [gone].

—*Chevy Chase*, l. 52. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 82. **I shot the albatross.** Bassett quotes a sailor, speaking of an albatross: "If you shoot one and kill him, you may look out for squalls; but to catch him and let him die on deck is a different thing altogether."—*Legends*, etc., p. 449.

In the Danish *Ballad of the Seafaring Men* (Folk-Lore Record, iii. ii.), the sailors spare a dove that, as a spirit of God, brings them safely home while they sleep.

PART II.

Page 71. l. 83.—**rose upon the right.** So the mariners of King Necos declared that "in sailing round Libya (Africa) they had the sun upon their right hand."—Herodotus, iv. 42. Coleridge suggests, probably from the experience of Captain Shelvocke, that the Mariner had rounded Cape Horn.

The repetition from l. 25ff., as if there were nothing else to notice, suggests the utter solitude of the sea.

l. 85.—**Still hid in mist**, etc.

1798. And broad as a weft upon the left.

l. 90.—**the mariner's hollo!** 1817, 1829, the Mariners' hollo!

l. 91.—**And I had done**, etc. The use of "and" as an introductory word, and its frequent repetition, are characteristic of the ballads.

And from her bended knee arose,

And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,

Shee did for mercy calle;

And drinking up the poyson stronge,  
Her life she lost withalle.  
And when that death, etc.

—*Fair Rosamond*, l. 179ff. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 92.—'em. Not a contraction of "them," but the Mid. Eng. *hem*, AS. *heom*, dative pl. of the third pers. pronoun. Colloquial or archaic.

l. 95f.—Ah wretch....to blow. These two lines were added in 1817.

l. 97.—like God's own head.

1802. Nor dim nor red, like an angel's head.

Construe with "uprist." The simile is a strong variation from *Matt.* xvii. 2; *Rev.* i. 16.

l. 98.—uprist. This is properly a present tense for "upriseth," as in

For when the sun uprist, then wol ye sprede [spread].

—Chaucer, *Complaint of Mars*, l. 4.

But it was used likewise as a new weak past tense to uprise.

Aleyn up-rist, and thoughte, 'er that it dawe [grows day]

I woll [will] go crepen [creep] in by my felawe.

—Chaucer, *The Reeve's Tale*, l. 329f.

Page 72. l. 103.—The fair breeze. 1798–1805, The breezes blew.

l. 104.—The furrow followed free. In 1817 Coleridge changed this line to

The furrow stream'd off free;

remarking in a foot-note: "In the former edition the line was

The furrow follow'd free;

but I had not been long on board a ship, before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the *Wake* appears like a brook flowing off from the stern." In 1828 Coleridge wisely returned to the more expressive line.

l. 111.—copper sky. Sky of a fiery red colour.

l. 117.—As idle as a painted ship, etc. The representation of figures in action, in painting and sculpture, is frequently referred to by the poets to indicate *arrested action*.

While, passing fair,  
Like to a pictured image, voiceless there  
Strove she [Iphigenia] to speak.

—Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, l. 233ff. (Swanwick).

His sword....seemed i' the air to stick;  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,  
And like a neutral to his will and matter  
Did nothing.

—Shakspeare, *Hamlet*, II. II. 499ff.

So like a painted battle the war stood  
Silenced.

—Tennyson, *The Coming of Arthur*.

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture.

—Tennyson, *Morte d'Arthur*.

l. 120.—And all the boards. "And" in the sense of "and yet." Cf., for many instances, Edward's speech beginning,

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,  
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

—Richard III., II. I.

l. 123.—The very deep. 1798–1805, The very deeps.

l. 125.—Yea, slimy things, etc. There is a first sketch of this description in an earlier poem.

What time after long and pestful calms,  
With slimy shapes and miscreated life  
Poisoning the vast Pacific.

—Coleridge, *The Destiny of Nations*.

Page 73. l. 127.—About, about, etc. There is a trace here of the witches' song in *Macbeth*.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about, etc.

—Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, I. III. 32ff.

l. 127.—in reel and rout. Whirling about in confusion.

l. 128.—death-fires. A luminous appearance hovering over putrescent bodies, as in graveyards, is called a death-fire, or dead-light, corpse-light, corpse-candle.

Mist of armies of the dead

Drawn to the death-fires, round her tomb.

—Coleridge, *Ode to the Departing Year*.

The appearance of these lights at sea portended drowning, or indicated the presence of drowned sailors.

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burned the distant wave,  
Blue as o'er some seaman's grave,  
And fiery darts at intervals  
Flew up all sparkling from the main.

—Southey, *Lallah Rookh*, The Fire Worshipers.

l. 129f.—water . . . burnt. See l. 274 n. This phosphorescence of the sea is termed Fire-burn or Sea-candles in Scotch. In Provence the sea is said to burn,—*La mer crema*.

The description is apparently drawn from the following: "During a calm . . . some parts of the sea seemed covered with a kind of slime; and some small sea animals were swimming about. The most conspicuous of which were of the gelatinous, or *medusa* kind, almost globular; and another sort smaller, that had a white, or shining appearance, and were very numerous. Some of these last were taken up, and put into a glass cup, with some salt water, in which they appeared like small scales, or bits of silver, when at rest . . . When they began to swim about, . . . they emitted the brightest colours of the most precious gems, according to their position with respect to the light. Sometimes they appeared quite pellucid, at other times assuming various tints of blue, from a pale sapphire to a deep violet colour, which were frequently mixed with a ruby or opaline redness, and glowed with a strength sufficient to illuminate the vessel and water. These colours appeared most vivid

when the glass was held to a strong light; and mostly vanished, on the subsiding of the animals to the bottom, when they had a brownish cast. But, with candle light, the colour was, chiefly, a beautiful pale green, tinged with a burnished gloss; and, in the dark, it had a faint appearance of glowing fire."—*A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean*... by Captain James Cook. Lond., 1784, vol. ii. p. 257: bk. iii. ch. 13.

L. 129.—a witch's oils, etc. Probably a picturesque invention of the poet's, based on the superstition that fires change colour on the approach of spirits.

L. 132 (gloss).—Josephus. Flavius Josephus (Joseph ben Matthias) (37 A.D.—97 or 100), governor of Galilee during the Roman conquest of Palestine, friend of the emperor Titus, who made him a Roman citizen and gave him a palace at Rome. The works of Josephus are: *A History of the War of the Jews against the Romans* and *The Antiquities of the Jews*. In Titus's speech to his soldiers, he asserts that those who die in battle "become good demons and propitious heroes, and show themselves to their posterity afterwards."—*War of the Jews*, vi. i. Spirits appeared also before the destruction of Jerusalem, *id.* vi. 5. A passing allusion is also in *Antiq. Jews*, viii. 2. But there is little about demons in Josephus. Mediæval conceptions are more in harmony with the gloss.

Psellus. Michael Constantine Psellus (1020–1105 or 1110) was born in Constantinople ("the Constantinopolitan"), where he "taught philosophy, rhetoric, and dialectic with the greatest success, and was honoured with the title of 'Prince of Philosophers' by the emperors." Gaulminus in his *Dedicatio* speaks of P. as "Platonicae disciplinæ studiosissimus" ("the Platonic"). His works are most numerous, forming commentaries to Aristotle, treatises on the sciences, including alchemy. The work C. specially referred to is *περί έργων δαιμόνων διάλογος*—

(*Dialogue Concerning the Work of Spirits*), edited by Gaultinus, 1615, and Boissonade, 1838, and translated into Latin by Petrus Morellus, Paris, 1577.

C. may have got the suggestion of these names in this connection from Burnet, or more likely from Burton. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, i. ii. mem. 1, subs. 2.

l. 139.—Well a-day. In 1798, wel-a-day! 1802, 1805, well-a-day!

The ballad poetry is fond of this interjection.

'Now welladay!' sayth Joan o' the Scales:

'Now welladay! and woe to my life!'

—*The Heir of Linne*, ll. 121-2 (Percy's *Reliques*.)

It is an archaic interjection of grief, corrupted in form from *wellaaway* under the influence of *day*.

But welaway! to fer be they to fecche.

—Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite*, l. 338.

*Welaway* = AS. *wā lā wā*! literally woe lo woe, alas.

#### PART III.

Page 74. ll. 143-149.—There passed a weary time. First appears in 1817 ed.

1798. I saw a something in the Sky  
No bigger than my fist;  
At first it seem'd a little speck, etc.

1802, 1805. So past a weary time, each throat  
Was parch'd, and glas'd each eye,  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first, etc.

l. 152.—I wist! Indeed, certainly. The AS. *gewiss*, certainly, surely, became Mid. Eng. *ywies*, *i-wies*. *I-wies* was confused with *wit* (AS. *witan*, to know), past tense *wist*, and hence was written as here, *I wist*, or more frequently, *I wiss*.

l. 155.—As if it, etc.

1798. And, an it dodg'd a water-sprite.



**water-sprite.** Sprite, a second of spirit. The water-sprites are

Spirits that have o're water government,  
Are to Mankind alike malevolent :  
They trouble Seas, Flouds, Rivers, Brookes, and Wels,  
Meeres, Lakes, and love t' inhabit watery Cels....

—Heywood, *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, bk. viii. p. 507.  
See Scott, *Border Minstrelsy*, Introd. to *The Young Tam-lane*.

**l. 156.—tacked and veered.** The vessel pursued an erratic course, advancing now in ziz-zag courses against the wind, and again running before it, with the wind now on one side, now on the other.

**l. 157.—with black lips baked.** Cf. "Our skin was black like an oven because of the terrible famine."—*Lament. of Jeremiah*, v. 10.

**l. 159.—Through utter drought, etc.**

1798. Then while thro' drouth all dumb we stood.

**l. 161.—A sail ! a sail !** The description of the skeleton ship constantly suggests the Phantom Ship of maritime superstition. Marryat's version in the *Phantom Ship* is well known. The original story is that of a Dutch Captain who swore he would round Cape Horn against a head-gale. The storm increased ; he swore the louder ; threw overboard those who tried to dissuade him ; cursed God, and was condemned to sail on for ever without hope of port or respite. Bechstein, *Deutsches Sagenbuch*, gives a different version, which has features in common with the *A. M.* Falkenberg, for murder of his brother, is condemned to sail a spectral bark, attended only by his good and his evil spirit, who play dice for his soul. Playing dice (cf. l. 196) with Death or the Devil, for a man's soul, is a superstition that often figures in mediæval art.

The notion that the ship could sail in spite of wind and tide (ll. 155, 169, 175) is common to all accounts of the Phantom Ship.

Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form  
 Shoots like a meteor through the storm;  
 When the dark scud comes driving hard,  
 And lowered is every topsail yard,  
 And canvas, wove in earthly looms,  
 No more to brave the storm presumes!  
 Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,  
 Top and topgallant hoisted high,  
 Full spread and crowded every sail,  
 The Demon Frigate braves the gale;  
 And well the doom'd spectators know  
 The harbinger of wreck and woe.

—Scott, *Rokeby*, ll. 11.

The appearance of the phantom ship in the *A. M.* is likewise followed by disaster, l. 212ff. See also Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, "*The Ballad of Carmilhan*"; Bassett, *Legends . . . of the Sea and Sailors*.

Page 73. l. 164.—Gramercy. Mid. Eng. *gramercy*, *grant mercy*, from Fr. *grant merci*, great thanks. Originally an expression of thanks, mingled with surprise. Here it becomes a mere interjection of surprise. In the ballads,—

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee.

Gramercy now, my children deare.

—*The Rising in the North*, ll. 61, 62, 73. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 164.—They for joy did grin. "I took the thought of *grinning for joy* . . . from poor Burnett's (a Unitarian preacher) remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, 'You grinned like an idiot!' He had done the same."—Coleridge, *Table Talk*, May 31st, 1830.

l. 167.—See! See! etc.

1798. She doth not tack from side to side—

l. 169.—Without a breeze, etc.

1798. Withouten wind, withouten tide.

**l. 170.—Steadies with upright keel.** Moves on steadily, not bent over by wind. "Upright" describes the keel's depth. "With even keel" is the more customary phrase.

**l. 171.—a-flame.** 1798–1805, a flame.

**l. 176.—Betwixt.** An archaic and provincial word, between. (AS. *betweoha*, *betwyz*, between, from *be* + *tweoa*, by two,—consequently going back to the same elements as "between," AS. *betweonum*.)

**l. 178.—Heaven's Mother.** One of the many names of the Virgin. See l. 298 note. Ejaculations of this sort are not rare in the ballads.

**l. 183.—her sails.** 1798–1817, *her* sails. So *her* in l. 185.

**l. 184.—gossameres?** Gossamers, filmy cobwebs of small spiders, found on low bushes or floating in long threads in the air, especially in autumn. (Mid. Eng. *gossomer*, lit. goose-summer, the down of summer.)

**l. 185ff.—Are those her ribs.**

1798. Are those her naked ribs, which fleck'd  
The sun that did behind them peer?  
And are those two all, all her crew,  
That woman and her fleshless Pheere?

1802–5 have the reading of the text, save that ll. 188,  
189 read

And are those two all, all her crew,  
That Woman, and her Mate?

1798 then continues with the following stanza, which is likewise in 1802–5, with the last line, however, reading,  
They were. . .

His bones were black with many a crack,  
All black and bare, I ween;  
Jet-black and bare, save where with rust  
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust  
They're patch'd with purple and green.

**l. 188.—a Death.** A skeleton endued with life.  
(Named from its symbolizing death.)

l. 199.—*Is Death*, etc. Following this stanza there is found, written by the poet's hand on a copy of the 1798 ed., the following stanza, which was first printed in Macmillan's ed., 1880:

This Ship it was a plankless thing,  
A bare Anatomy!  
A plankless Spectre—and it moved  
Like a Being of the Sea!  
The woman and a fleshless man  
Therein eat merrily.

Page 76. l. 190ff.—*Her lips were red*, etc. 1798 uses present tenses, are, are, is, in ll. 190-192. *Her* in l. 190, in all edd. 1798-1829.

l. 193.—*The Night-mare*, etc.

1798. And she is (1802-5, was) far liker Death than he;  
Her flesh makes (1802-5, made) the still air cold.

*Night-mare*. Conceived as an incubus or demon oppressing sleepers. (AS. *mare*, hence not connected with Mod. Eng. *mare*, AS. *meark*, horse, steed.)

l. 193.—*Life-in-Death*. Cf. C.'s own epitaph.

That he who many a year with toil of breath  
Found death in life, may here find life in death.

C. had his own fate in mind when he added in the 1817 ed. this idea of *Life-in-Death*.

The living death comes only on the Mariner (l. 197), who feels its approach, with fear at his heart (l. 204).

l. 196.—*the twain*. Archaic, couple, two. (AS. *twegen* is the masc. corresponding to neut. *two*, two, which has been generalized.)

*casting*. 1798-1805, playing.

l. 197.—*I've won, I've won*. So in 1798-1805. The editions 1817, 1829, 1835 read

"The game is done! I've, I've won!"

It is quite certain that the more usual reading, depending only on the early editions, 1798-1805, is not what Coleridge finally approved, and yet, as it is the reading of his most poetic period, it is here retained.

I. 198.—and whistles thrice. 1798–1805, whistled..  
Not without meaning to the superstitious sailor. Except  
in a calm, whistling is ominous work, likely to bring on a  
storm. And a whistling woman—

A whistling woman and a crowing hen  
Are neither fit for God nor men.

“Our sailors, I am told, at this very day (I mean the  
vulgar sort) have a strange opinion of the devil’s power  
and agency in stirring up winds, and that is the reason  
they so seldom whistle on shipboard, esteeming it to be  
a mockery, and consequently an enraging of the devil.”  
—Dr. Pegge, *Gentleman’s Mag.*, 1763.

It will be noticed (ll. 2, 76, 198, 261) that C. uses num-  
bers, as they are used in the bible, in the classics, and in  
popular superstition, for the sake of mysterious sugges-  
tion. Cf.

The night-birds scream’d a cry of dreadd,  
The death-belle thrice did ring;  
And thrice at Arthur’s window bars  
A raven flapp’d its wing.

—*The Murder of Prince Arthur*, Evans, iv. 118.

She had three lilies in her hand  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

—Rossetti, *The Blessed Damsel*.

II. 199–211.—The sun’s rim dips, etc. Night in the  
Tropics descending without twilight is here matchlessly  
depicted.

These stanzas are represented in 1798 by the follow-  
ing:—

A gust of wind sterte up behind  
And whistled thro’ his bones;  
Thro’ the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth  
Half-whistles and half-groans.

With never a whisper in the Sea  
Off darts the Spectre-ship;  
While clombe above the Eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright Star  
Almost atween the tips.

So in 1802-5, with slight changes,—the hole of his eyes, between the tips. The 1817 ed. follows the readings of 1798 and 1805, but in Errata, the poet asks the erasure of the stanza, *A gust of wind*.

l. 209.—clomb. An archaism. The verb is strong in AS., usually strong in Mid. Eng., but weak in Mod. Eng.

l. 210.—moon, with one bright star. A MS. note of C.'s to this line is first printed in Macmillan's ed., 1880:—"It is a common superstition among sailors that something dire is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon."

l. 211.—nether. (AS. *neothera*, lower.) Lower; under.

l. 212f.—One after one, etc.

1798-1805. One after one by the horned Moon  
(Listen, O Stranger! to me)  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang  
And curs'd me with 'his ee.

l. 213.—quick. This has been explained as living, as in "the quick and the dead." This stanza, however, has close relation with the following, the two depicting the death of the crew, as one by one they curse the Mariner and drop down. It is possible that "quick" has its usual meaning. Death and Life-in-Death at once seize on their own, and the crew have time only to curse him with a glance as they die.

Page 77. l. 217.—And I heard, etc.

1798-1802. With never a sigh or groan.

l. 223.—like the whizz. Remorse makes each death a reminder of his crime. Imitations of the line are

The gloomy brewer's [Cromwell] soul  
Went by me, like a stork.

—Tennyson, *The Talking Oak*.

And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

—Rossetti, *The Blessed Damozel*.

## PART IV.

l. 227.—the ribbed sea-sand. C.'s note to this line appears in the 1817 ed., when first the poem was published under his own name. Nether Stowey and Dulverton are in Somerset.

The figure is in the ballads,—

Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea.

—Lord Soulis. (*Border Minstrelsy*.)

Page 78. l. 234.—And never a saint, etc.

1798-1805. And Christ would take no pity on.

l. 238.—And a thousand, etc.

1798-1805. And a million million alimy things.

l. 242.—rotting. 1798, eldritch,—weird, ghastly, hideous,—a common ballad word.

l. 245.—or ever. Before ever, ere. Archaic; see *Daniel* vi. 24; *Eccl.* xii. 6, and the ballads.

l. 247.—heart as dry as dust.

The good die first,

But they whose hearts are dry as summer dust  
Burn to the socket.

—Wordsworth, *Excursion*, l.

l. 251.—Like a load. 1817, like a cloud, but corrected in Errata: for *cloud* read *load*.

l. 252.—the dead were at my feet.

Have owre [half over], have ower to Aberdour,

It's fiftie fadom deip;

And thair lies gud Sir Patrick Spence,

Wi' the Scots lords at his feit [feet].

—*Sir Patrick Spence*, l. 41ff. (*Percy's Reliques*.)

l. 254.—reek. AS. *rēcan*, to smoke; here, a secondary sense, to smell.

Page 79. l. 267f.—bemoeked the sultry main, etc. The cold rays of moonlight, spread like hoar-frost, were a mocking contrast to the sultriness of the ocean.

l. 268.—Like April hoar-frost spread.

1798. Like morning frosts yspread.

l. 270.—*alway*. Archaic,—*always*.

l. 270.—*charmed water*. As if under magical influence (*L. carmen*, incantation); cf. l. 129.

l. 273.—*water-snakes*. "C. seems to have consulted various zoological works; for the note-book of this date contains long paragraphs upon alligators, boas and crocodiles of antediluvian times." (Brandl, p. 202.)

l. 274.—*tracks of shining white*. See l. 129f.n. Referring to the phosphorescent gleam of the sea (or more properly the animalculæ in the sea) particularly noticeable when the surface is disturbed. Scott imitates C. in,

Awaked before the rushing prow,  
The mimic fires of ocean glow,  
Those lightings of the wave;  
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,  
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides  
With elvish lustre lave, etc.

—*Lord of the Isles*, l. xxi.

remarking in a note:—"The phenomenon called by sailors *Sea-fire*.... At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting from the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness."

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times  
With wakes of fire we tore the dark.

—Tennyson, *The Voyage*.

Page 80. l. 282ff.—*O happy living things!* etc. C., in making the Mariner find through love of the lower animals a partial release from punishment for his wanton cruelty to a bird, is here in close touch with his age. Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, all show keen sympathy for the sufferings of the humblest animals. C. in his early career addressed a poem even to a Young Ass,—

Innocent Fool! Thou poor, despised forlorn,  
I hail thee brother, spite of the fool's scorn.

"The more the landscape poets of what may be called the century of humanity penetrated into the secrets of earth



and air the more they sympathized with the lower creatures of nature, and demanded for all and each a fitting lot." (Brandl, p. 97.)

l. 288ff.—I could pray. This is the mediæval notion that prayer wrought release from curses and from the power of demons. But here humanity, love, alone make prayer possible and efficacious—modern notion.

## PART V.

l. 292f.—Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing. Cf.

For she belike hath drunken deep  
Of all the blessedness of sleep.

—Coleridge, *Christabel*.

l. 294.—To Mary Queen, etc. So printed in edd. 1817ff.

1798. To Mary-queen the praise be yeven [arch., given].

Mary Queen (of heaven), cf.

O Mary Mother, be not leth  
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,  
Who seest and mayst not be seen!  
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen!  
Into our shadow bend thy face,  
Bowing thee from the secret place,  
O Mary Virgin, full of grace.

—Rossetti, *Ave*.

l. 296.—sleep....that slid. Older English literature abounds in a related notion,—that of sliding into sleep.

l. 297.—the silly buckets. "Silly" has two archaic meanings—its original meaning of fortunate, blessed, AS. *sælig*, Mid. Eng. *seely*; and a secondary meaning, innocent, foolish, weak. The epithet may be due either to the gush of love that has filled the Mariner's heart, or to his noticing the buckets, long useless, frail, now filled with water. The latter is more probable; cf.

After long storms....  
With which my silly bark was toss'd.

—Spenser.

Page 81. l. 302.—*dank*. (Swed. *dant*, marshy ground.)  
Damp and cold.

l. 303.—*drunken*. Archaic in its participial use.

l. 308.—*blessed*. Enjoying the happiness of heaven.

l. 309.—And soon I heard, etc.

1798. The roaring wind ! it roar'd far off.

l. 310.—*anear*. Near. A form of near, possibly imitated from afar=on (of) far. This instance of its use (=near) is the earliest given in the *New Eng. Dict.*

l. 311f.—*sails*, That were so thin and sere. So in Shelvocke's *Voyage*. When the Captain reached California, he found "at best our sails and riggings were hardly ever fit to cope with a brisk gale, and were now grown so very thin and rotten," etc., p. 432.

l. 314.—*fire-flags*. Poetical and archaic,—flashes of lightning.

*sheen*. See l. 56n."

l. 315ff.—*were*. 1798, are. It has the present tense also in ll. 317, dance on ; 318, doth ; 319, do ; 320, pours ; 321, and the Moon is ; 322f. read,

Hark ! hark ! the thick black cloud is cleft,  
And the moon is at its side.

Page 82. l. 327f.—The loud wind, etc.

1798. The strong wind reach'd the ship : it roar'd  
And dropp'd down, like a stone !

l. 334.—To have seen. More correctly, To see.

l. 337.—*'gan*. Cf. l. 385. Mid. Eng. *ginnen*, an aphetic form of AS. *oninnan*, to begin. Modern usage marks 'gin, gan, as if abbreviations of begin, began. Frequent in ballad poetry.

Then aunswerde him a courteous knichte,  
And fast his handes gan wringe :

—*Sir Cauline*, l. 36f. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 344.—But he said nought to me. Following this line, 1798 reads,

And I quak'd to think of my own voice  
How frightful it would be.

ll. 345-8.—I fear thee . . . blest. Not in the 1798 ed.

Page 83. l. 348.—corse. Mid. Eng. *corse*, from OFr. *corse*, Lat. *corpus*. In the fourteenth century the French *corse* became *corps* under influence of the Latin original. English followed, and made over *corse* into *corps(e)*. From 1500 *p* began to be sounded. This pronunciation finally prevailed, making *corse* archaic and poetic.

l. 350.—For when it dawned. 1798, The daylight dawn'd.

l. 359.—the sky-lark sing. 1798, the lavrock sing. (Lavrock is Northern dialect for lark.) Brandl remarks (p. 202), on the introduction of these touches of nature:—"Coleridge also repeats ideas from his own songs, as he makes the contrite singer hear the song of the skylark, and the 'noise of a hidden brook'; all is apparently only accessory, but it gives the ballad its chief charm."

For the epithet "a-dropping from the sky," see introductory notes to Wordsworth's *Skylark*, p. 125.

l. 362.—jargoning. OFr. *jargon* is precisely the singing of birds.

l. 364.—like a lone'y flute. Cf. *Evangeline*, l. 1055.

Page 84. l. 372.—Singeth a quiet tune. Between this line and the following, are found in the 1798 ed. these stanzas:—

Listen, O listen, thou Wedding-guest!  
"Marinere" thou hast my will:  
"For that, which comes out of thine eye, doth make  
"My body and soul to be still."

Never sadder tale was told  
To a man of woman born:  
Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest!  
Thou'lt rise to morrow morn.

Never sadder tale was heard  
 By a man of woman born :  
 The Mariners all return'd to work  
 As silent as before.

The Mariners all 'gan pull the ropes,  
 But look at me they n'old [would not];  
 Thought I, I am as thin as air—  
 They cannot me behold.

l. 379.—*slid*. Cf. l. 291. Frequently used of passing smoothly, especially by Tennyson:—

Fair is her cottage in its place,  
 Where yon broad water slowly glides.  
 It sees itself from thatch to base  
 Dream in the sliding tides.

—Tennyson, *Requiescant*.

l. 383f.—The sun right up above the mast. The ship has reached the equator, and the power of the Polar Spirit ceases. The ship tosses there till the demand of the Spirit for vengeance is appeased, when, freed from his power, it darts northward.

l. 392.—*down in*. 1798–1805, into.

l. 394.—I have not to declare. I have not the knowledge to enable me to declare.

l. 395.—*living*. Conscious.

Page 85. l. 399.—By Him who died, etc. An oath of the ballads,—

This is a merry morning, said Litull John,  
 Be hym that dyed on tre [cross].

—*Robin Hood and the Monk*, l. 13f.

l. 407.—*honey-dew*. A sugary substance found on the leaves of trees in drops like dew, exuded from plant-lice, or from leaves during hot weather, sometimes dripping from them as “manna”; much liked by bees and ants.

Close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

—Coleridge, *Kubla Khan*.

## PART VI.

Page 86. l. 416.—his great bright eye. Cf.

The broad, open eye of the solitary sky.

—Wordsworth, *Stray Pleasures*.

l. 423.—Without or wave or wind?

1798.        Withouten wave or wind!

l. 426.—fly! . . . high . . . belated. It is to be supposed the spirits are to return to some celestial goal, for which they here depart.

l. 435.—charnel-dungeon. Charnel (Fr. *charnel*, late Lat. *carnale*, from *car-nem*, flesh), a chapel or vault for the dead:—"Facing this (Paul's) cross stood the charnel, in which the bodies of the dead were . . . piled together." Entick, *London*, iv, 119 (*New Eng. Dict.*); hence "charnel-dungeon," a vault or dungeon for dead bodies. Milton has "charnel-vaults and sepulchres," *Comus*, 471. Cf.

Ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng.

—Beattie, *Minstrel*, l. xxxil.

Page 87. l. 440.—eyes. 1798, een.

l. 442.—And now this spell, etc.

1798.        And in its time the spell was snapt,

              And I could move my een:

I look'd, etc.

l. 452.—breathed a wind on me. Contrast the wind in l. 309ff. Even this one, sweet and gentle as it is, recalls the horror of the earlier scene (see l. 458).

l. 455.—in shade. An earthly wind darkens the water by casting up ripples that break the reflection of the light.

Little breezes dusk and shiver.

—Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

age 88. l. 467.—countree. In edd. 1798-1805 the accent is marked in this line and in ll. 518, 570, *countree*. This accentuation of the final syllable is the original accentuation (Fr. *contrée*); it is common in older poetry, and

characterises as well the archaic ballads. This foreign accent even affected at times the accentuation of native words.

Despraise her not to me,  
For better 'love your little finger  
Than I do her whole body'.

—*Lord Thomas and Elzira*. (Thomson, p. 82.)

But none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

—*Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green*, l. 4. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 473.—*strewn*. Outspread.

l. 475.—*And the shadow of the moon*. Shadow, reflection. 1798 here contains a number of stanzas of interest as affording some explanation of l. 482.

The moonlight bay was white all o'er,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
Like as of torches came.

A little distance from the prow  
These dark-red shadows were;  
But soon I saw that my own flesh  
Was red as in a glare.

I turn'd my head in fear and dread,  
And by the holy rood,  
The bodies had advanc'd, and now  
Before the mast they stood.

They lifted up their stiff right arms,  
They held them straight and tight;  
And each right-arm burnt like a torch,  
A torch that's borne upright.  
Their stony eye-balls glitter'd on  
In the red and smoky light.

I pray'd and turn'd my head away  
Forth looking as before.  
There was no breeze upon the bay,  
No wave against the shore.

The rock shone bright, etc.

l. 482.—*shadows*. Shades, spirits.

Page 89. l. 487.—Oh, Christ! etc. Cf.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see

—*Cherry Chase* (Modern). (Percy's *Reliques*.)

l. 489.—by the holy rood! An oath from the ballads.

Robin replied, now by the rude [rood],

—*Robin and Makyne*, l. 9. (Percy's *Reliques*.)

The rood is the cross of Christ. AS. *rōd*, cross.

l. 490.—A seraph-man. Seraphs are winged angels of the highest order, worshipping Jehovah and acting as his messengers and ministers through the earth. (Heb. *seraph*, burn.)

Seraph, if we but retire

To the words force, importeth nought save Fire.

—Haywood, *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, p. 217.

l. 500.—But soon. 1798, Eftsoone.

l. 501.—cheer. Hail.

l. 503.—And I saw a boat appear. 1798 continues,

Then vanished all the lovely lights;

The bodies rose anew:

With silent pace, each to his place,

Came back the ghastly crew.

The wind, that shade nor motion made,

On me alone it blew.

But in a copy of the 1798 ed., this stanza is crossed out, and the following substituted on the margin,—

Then vanish'd all the lovely lights,

The spirits of the air,

No souls of mortal men were they,

But spirits bright and fair.

(First published in Macmillan's ed., 1880.)

l. 509.—the hermit. The picturesque personage of the hermit is frequently found in the ballads. (See Evans, vol. iv.)

Page 90. l. 512.—shrieve. An obsolete form of shrive (AS. *acrifan*, to prescribe penance). To hear confession, impose penance, and grant absolution of sin. In Spen-

ser, *Shepheards Calender*, August, achieve rimes with  
eve.

It fell upon a holly eve,  
Hey, ho, hollidays!  
When holly fathers went to shrieve;  
Now gynnoeth this roundelaye.

## PART VII.

l. 517.—*marineras*. This is the usual spelling throughout *A. M.*, 1798, and is retained here because of the rime.

l. 524.—I trow (properly, *trō*). (*AS. trēowian*, to trust.) I think, I suppose.

Gallant men I trow you bee:  
—*The Rising in the North*, l. 63. (*Percy's Reliques*.)

l. 529.—The planks look warped! This is the reading 1798–1805, and undoubtedly correct; yet 1817–1835 read

The planks looked warp'd!

and are followed by almost every later edition.

Page 91. l. 533.—Brown skeletons. 1798–1817 read, The skeletons; but Errata in 1817: for *The r. Brown*.

l. 535.—ivy-tod. A thick bush, usually of ivy.

And, like an owle, by night to goe abroad,  
Roosted all day within an ivie tod.

—Drayton, *Poems*, p. 254 (ed. 1637). So also Scott, *Antiq.*, xxi.

l. 552.—Like one that hath been seven days drowned.  
“The bodies of those who were drowned, but not recovered, were supposed to come to the surface of the water on the ninth day.”—Gregor, *Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 208. In the south decomposition would set in earlier and shorten the time when the body would float.

Page 92. l. 559.—telling of the sound. Resounding, echoing.

l. 570.—all in my own countree. 1798, my own countree. “All in” constitutes a poetical phrase, usually



introducing a scenic or local touch :

All in the blue unclouded weather,  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.  
--Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*.

All in an oriel on the summer side,  
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace . . . they met.  
--Tennyson, *Lancelot and Elaine*.

l. 575.—crossed his brow. The sign of the cross, holy water, prayers, the name of God or of Christ were all destructive of Satanic power.

The Crosses signe (saith Athanasius) they  
Cannot endure, it puts them to dismay.

--Heywood, *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, Bk. ix. p. 581.

l. 577.—What manner of man. 1798-1805 have the more archaic reading,

What manner man art thou ?

Page 93. l. 582ff.—Since then, etc.

1798. Since then, at an uncertain hour  
Now often and now fewer,  
That anguish comes and makes me tell  
My ghastly adventure.

l. 586.—I pass, like night, from land to land. There is here a touch of the mediæval legend of the Wandering Jew.

Page 94. l. 610ff.—but this I tell. etc. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the *Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable, and had not a moral. As for the improbability, I owned that that might admit some question ; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my judgment the poem had too much ; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have no more moral than the *Arabian Nights' tale*."—Coleridge, *Table Talk*, May 31, 1830.

In the *Journ. of Speculative Phil.*, 14.327ff., Gertrude Garrigues endeavours to allegorize the *A. M.*, as depicting the loss of the innocence of ignorance and the return, through the medium of sin and doubt, to conscious virtue and belief:—"He stoppeth one of three," Many are called, but few are chosen. "The ship was cheered," Man commences the voyage of life. "And now the storm-blast came," The world, with its buffets, confronts him, etc., etc. In the light of C.'s own statement much of this theorizing vanishes. The moral in the *A. M.*, as in all great art, is implicit in the story.

l. 623.—*forlorn*. Deprived, bereft. Archaic and poetical in this sense. (*Forlorn*=*forloren*, past part. of *forleosan*, to lose utterly.)

l. 624.—*sadder*. Made more serious by his experience of depths of human life hitherto unsuspected.

**APPENDIX.**



## APPENDIX.

*SIR PATRICK SPENCE.\**

The King sits in Dumferling toune,  
 Drinking his blude-red wine:  
 "O whar will I get gude sailor  
 To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spake an eldern<sup>1</sup> knight<sup>2</sup>,  
 Sat at the kings richt kne:  
 "Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
 That sails upon the sea."

5

The king has written a braid letter<sup>3</sup>  
 And signed it w<sup>l</sup> his hand,  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Was walking on the sand.

10

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
 A loud lauch<sup>4</sup> lauched he:  
 The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
 The teir blinded his ee.<sup>5</sup>

15

"O wha is this has don' this deid,  
 This ill deid done to me;  
 To send me out this time o' the year  
 To sail upon the sea?"

20

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
 Our guid schip sails the morne."  
 "O say na sae, my master deir,  
 For I feir a deadlie storme."

---

\*The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

—Coleridge, *Dejection*.

1 Aged. 2 Knight. 3 Broad (open) letter. 4 Laugh. 5 Eye.



"Late, late yestreen<sup>6</sup> I saw the new moone 25  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
 And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,  
 That we will com' to harme."

Oour Scots nobles wer richt laith<sup>7</sup>  
 To wet their cork-helld schoone; 80  
 But lang owre a' the play wer playd  
 Thair hats they swam aboone.<sup>8</sup>

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
 Wi' thair fans into their hand,  
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35  
 Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
 Wi' thair gold kems<sup>9</sup> in their hair,  
 Waiting for their ain deir lords,  
 For they'll se thame na mair. 40

Have owre,<sup>10</sup> have owre to Aberdour,<sup>11</sup>  
 It's fifty fadom delp;  
 And thair lies guld Sir Patrick Spence  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his felt.  
 —From Percy's "Reliques."

### TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head,  
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)  
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread, 5  
 Two lovely children run an endless race,  
 A sister and a brother!  
 That far outstripp'd the other;  
 Yet even runs she with reverted face,  
 And looks and listens for the boy behind: 10  
 For he, alas! is blind!  
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,  
 And knows not whether he is first or last.  
 —Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

6 Yesterday evening. 7 Loath. 8 On the surface. 9 Combs. 10 Half over. 11 A village on the Forth.

## LIFE.

- Life! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part;  
 And when, or how, or where we met,  
 I own to me's a secret yet.  
 But this I know, when thou art fled, 5  
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
 No clod so valueless shall be,  
 As all that then remains of me.  
 O whither, whither dost thou fly,  
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course, 10  
 And in this strange divorce,  
 Ah! tell where I must seek this compound I?
- To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,  
 From whence thy essence came,  
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed 15  
 From matter's base, encumbering weed?  
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
 Though blank oblivious years the appointed hour,  
 To break thy trance and re-assume thy power! 20  
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?  
 O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?
- Life! we've been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear; 25  
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
 Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time;  
 Say not good night, but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me good morning.  
 —Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825).

## REQUIEM.

- Under the wide and starry sky,  
 Dig the grave and let me lie.  
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
 And I laid me down with a will.  
 This be the verse you grave for me: 5  
 Here he lies where he longed to be;  
 Home is the sailor from the sea,  
 And the hunter home from the hill.  
 —Robert Louis Stevenson.

## WHAT IS A SONNET?

What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;  
A precious jewel carved most curiously;  
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell 5  
From a great poet's ecstasy;  
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!  
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath, 10  
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,  
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow  
    falls;  
A sea is this—beware who ventureth!  
For like a fiord the narrow flood is laid  
Deep as mid ocean to sheer mountain walls.  
    —R. W. Gilder.

## MILTON.

He left the upland lawns and serene air  
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,  
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew  
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare

Of his young brow amid the tumult there, 5  
Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine  
    dew;  
Yet through all soilure they who marked him  
    knew  
The signs of his life's dayspring calm and fair.

But when peace came, peace fouler far than war, 10  
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,  
He with a scornful laugh of his clear soul,  
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and froze,  
And with the awful night, he dwelt alone  
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.  
    —Ernest Myers.



## SLEEP.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace  
 The baiting-place<sup>1</sup> of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;  
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the press 5  
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;  
 O make in me those civil wars to cease;  
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light, 10  
 A rosy garland and a weary head:  
 And if these things, as being there by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Liveller than elsewhere, Stella's image see.  
 —*Sir Philip Sidney* (1554-1586), in "*Astrophel and  
 Stella*."

## SLEEP.

(2. Henry IV., III., 1., 5ff.)

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh these eyelids down 5  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, 10  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody!  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brain  
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them 20  
 With deafening clannour in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

<sup>1</sup> Place of refreshment.

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

25

—Shakspeare.

---

TO THE DAISY.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long years through the hair  
     Of joy or sorrow;  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough!

8

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
 A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season.

10

15

Thou wander'st the wide world about  
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing;  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical,  
     In peace fulfilling.

20

—Wordsworth.

**"WHEN A MOUNTING SKYLARK SINGS."**

When a mounting kylark sings  
In the sun-lit summer morn,  
I know that heaven is up on high,  
And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings  
In the moon-lit summer even,  
I know not if earth is merely earth,  
Only that heaven is heaven.  
—Christina Rossetti.

---

**THE LARK.**

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar singing away!  
Then when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
—James Hogg (1772-1835).

FROM "THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING."

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—  
The virginal untroubled sky,  
And this vext region at my feet.—  
Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade, 5  
The dulling shade of mundane care.  
They amid mortal mists are made,—  
Thine in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;  
My song comes fluttering, and is gone. 10  
O high above the home of tears,  
Eternal Joy, sing on!

. . . . .

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,  
In porches of the lucent morn,  
Ere he had felt his lack of wing, 15  
Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,  
The sweet sky seemed not far above,  
And young and lovesome came the note;—  
Ah, thine is Youth and Love! 20

Thou singest of what he knew of old,  
And dream-like from afar recalls;  
In flashes of forgotten gold  
An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one, 25  
Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;  
Less inaccessible the sun,  
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,  
And of the courts of heaven art free, 30  
And carriest to his temporal ears  
News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,  
And lur'st him o'er the dazling line, 35  
Where mortal and immortal merge,  
And human dies divine.

—William Watson.

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees some morning unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now!

And after April when May follows  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows— 10  
 Hark! where blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dew-drops,—at the bent spray's  
 edge,—

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice  
 over,

Lest you should think he never could recapture 15  
 The first fine careless rapture.

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower. 20

—Browning.

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-west  
 died away;

Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeling into  
 Cadiz Bay;

Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafal-  
 gar lay;

In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gib-  
 raltar grand and grey;

'Here and there did England help me: how can I  
 help England?'—say, 5

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to  
 praise and pray,

While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

—Browning.

## EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

To my true king, I offered free from stain,  
 Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.  
 For him, I threw lands, honours, wealth away,  
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than  
 they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5  
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
 Heard in Lavernia, Scargill's<sup>1</sup> whispering trees,  
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;  
 Beheld, each night my home in fevered sleep, 10  
 Each morning started from the dream to weep;  
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.  
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
 From that proud country which was once mine  
 own,

By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15  
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

—Macaulay (1800-1859).

## TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun 5  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,  
 With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing; 10  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small, but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;  
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15  
 To breathe some softened strain,

---

<sup>1</sup> In North Yorkshire on the upper Tees.

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening  
vale,

May not unseemly with thy stillness suit;  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours and Elves  
Who sleep in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with  
sedge,

25

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car;

Then lead, calm votress, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,  
Or upland follows grey  
Reflect its last cool gleam.

30

But when chill blustering winds or driving rain  
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That, from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

35

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
That gradual dusky veil.

40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing treasures, meekest Eve!  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes;

45

So long sure-found beneath the sylvan shed  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped  
Health,

50

Thy gentlest influence own,  
And hymn thy favourite name.

—Collins (1720-1756).

## FROM "SHAWNEE."

When descends on the Atlantic  
 The gigantic  
 Storm-wind of the equinox,  
 Landward in his wrath he scourges  
 The toiling surges, 5  
 Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
 Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing, 10  
 Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that Lurks  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides; 15  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting 20  
 Currents of the restless main;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

—Longfellow.

## THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of Light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here!  
 Their very memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast 5  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
 Or these faint beams in which this hill is drest  
 After the sun's remove.



I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days; 10  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary—  
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,  
High as the heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have showed them 15  
me  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death; the jewel of the just!  
Shining no where but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust; 20  
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may  
know  
At first sight if the birds be flown;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams, 25  
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb  
Her captive flames must needs burn there; 30  
But, when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
Created glories under Thee!  
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall 35  
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
My perspective, still as they pass;  
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
Where I shall need no glass. 40

—Vaughan (1621-1695).

## AFTER THE BURIAL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;  
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward 5  
 The tattered surges are hurled,  
 It may keep our head to the tempest,  
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me  
 What help in its iron thews, 10  
 Still true to the broken hawser,  
 Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
 When the helpless feet stretch out,  
 And find in the deeps of darkness 15  
 No footing as solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,  
 One broken plank of the Past,  
 That our human heart may cling to,  
 Though hopeless of shore at last! 20

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
 To the flesh its sweet despair,  
 Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket  
 With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it, 25  
 Who doubts it of such as she?  
 But that is the pang's very secret,—  
 Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard  
 Would scarce stay a child in his race, 30  
 But to me and my thought it is wider  
 Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
 Your morals most drearily true;  
 But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin, 35  
 I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;  
 'T is a well meant alms of breath;  
 But not all the preaching since Adam  
 Has made Death other than Death. 40

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—  
 The jar of our earth—that dull shock  
 When the ploughshare of deeper passion  
 Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me, 45  
 But I, who am earthly and weak,  
 Would give all the incomes from dreamland  
 For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,  
 So worn and wrinkled and brown, 50  
 With its emptiness confutes you,  
 And argues your wisdom down.

—Lowell.

**"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
 For these, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be 10  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn:  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth, 1806.

**"LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE  
MINDS."**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out' even to the edge of doom  
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.  
—Shakspeare.

**THE CROSS OF SNOW.**

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,  
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—  
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head  
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.  
  
Here in this room she died; and soul more white 5  
Never through martyrdom by fire was led  
To its repose; nor can in books be read  
The legend of a life more benedict.  
  
There is a mountain in the distant West 10  
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines  
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.  
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast  
These eighteen years, through all the changing  
seasons  
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.  
—Longfellow.

---

1 Continues steadfast.

## APPENDIX.

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### DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

5

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

10

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet, in quiet lie."

—Longfellow.

---

### SUNSET WINGS.

To-night the sunset spreads two golden wings  
Cleaving the western sky;  
Winged too with the wind it is, and winnowings  
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings  
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway  
 Above the dovecot-tops;  
 And crowds of starlings, ere they rest with day,  
 Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,  
 By turns in every copse: 10

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—  
 Save the whirr within,  
 You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;  
 Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm  
 heaves  
 Away with all its din. 15

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,  
 To many a refuge tend;  
 With the first light she laughed, and the last light  
 Glows round her still; who nathless in the night  
 At length must make an end. 20

And now the mustering rooks innumerable  
 Together sail and soar,  
 While afar the day's death, like a tolling knell,  
 Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,  
 No more, farewell, no more! 20

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?  
 And oh! thou dying day,  
 Even as thou goest must she too depart,  
 And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart  
 As will not fly away? 25  
 —Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,  
 That serveth not another's will:  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill;

# APPENDIX.

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Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Untied unto the world with care  
Of public fame or private breath; 5

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; hath ever understood 10  
How deepest wounds are given with praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humours freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day 20  
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is free from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.  
—*Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).*

## FROM "EXTREME UNCTION."

Upon the hour when I was born,  
God said, "Another man shall be,"  
And the great Maker did not scorn  
Out of Himself to fashion me; 5  
He sunned me with His ripening looks,  
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,  
As effortless as woodland nooks  
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,  
 Am exiled back to brutish clod,  
 Have borne unquenched for four-score years  
 A spark of the eternal God;  
 And to what end? How yield I back  
 The trust for such high uses given?  
 Heaven's light hath but revealed a track  
 Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

10

15

Men think it is an awful sight  
 To see a soul just set adrift  
 On that drear voyage from whose night  
 The ominous shadows never lift;  
 But 'tis more awful to behold  
 A helpless infant newly born,  
 Whose little hands unconscious hold  
 The keys of darkness and of morn.

20

Mine held them once; I flung away  
 Those keys that might have open set  
 The golden sluices of the day,  
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—  
 I hear the reapers surging go  
 Into God's harvest; I, that might  
 With them have chosen, here below  
 Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

25

30

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!  
 O high Ideal! all in vain  
 Ye enter at this ruined shrine  
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;  
 The bat and owl inhabit here,  
 The snake nests in the altar-stone,  
 The sacred vessels moulder near;  
 The image of the God is gone.

35

40

—James Russell Lowell.



# APPENDIX.

225

## TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
 Swift be thy flight!

5

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
 Star-inwrought!  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
 Come, long sought!

10

When I arose and saw the dawn  
 I sighed for thee;  
 When light rode high and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
 Lingered like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee.

15

20

Thy brother Death came and cried,  
 Wouldst thou me?  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noontide bee,  
 Shall I nestle near thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,  
 No, not thee!

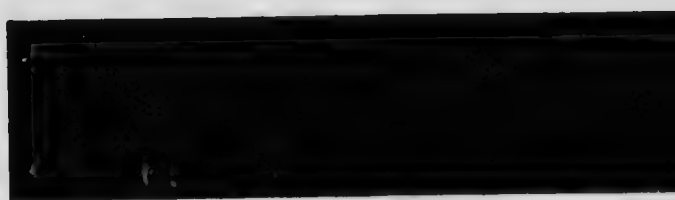
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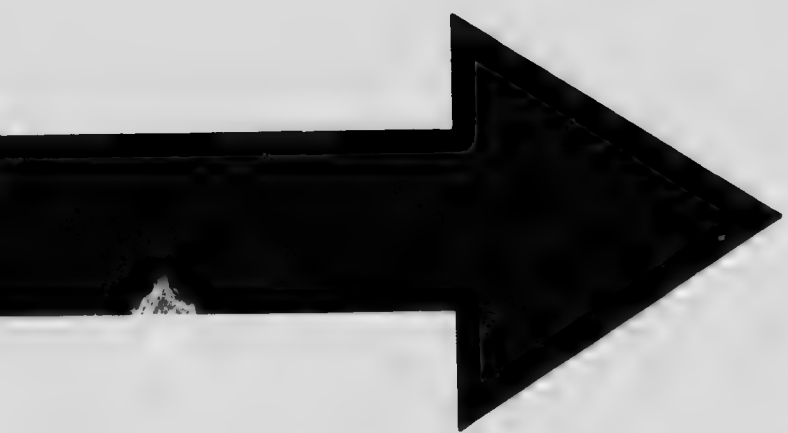
Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon—  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

30

35

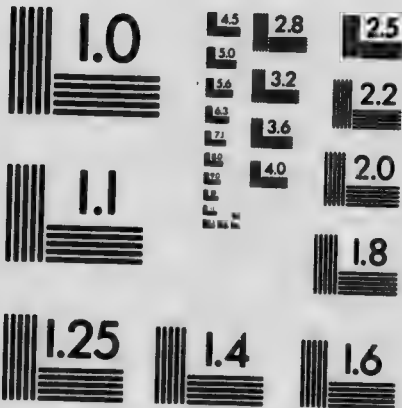
—Percy Bysshe Shelley.





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—*Matthew Arnold.*

## PROSPICE.

Fear leath?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5  
 The post of the foe,  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained, 10  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be  
 gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and 15  
 forbore,  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears 20  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
 The black minute's at end,  
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of 25  
 pain,  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest!

—Robert Browning.

## ALL SAINTS.

One feast, of holy days the crest,  
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep.  
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest  
 In God's still memory folded deep; 5  
 The bravely dumb that did their deed,  
 And scorned to blot it with a name,  
 Men of the plain heroic breed,  
 That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,  
 But thread to-day the unheeding street, 10  
 And stairs to Sin and Famine known,  
 Sing with the welcome of their feet;  
 The den they enter grows a shrine,  
 The grimy sash an oriel burns,  
 Their cup of water warms like wine, 15  
 Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears  
 An aureole traced in tenderest light,  
 The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears  
 In dying eyes by them made bright, 20  
 Of souls that shivered on the edge  
 Of that chill ford repassed no more,  
 And in their mercy felt the pledge  
 And sweetness of the farther shore.

—James Russell Lowell.

**"WHEN, IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND  
 MEN'S EYES."**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate, 5  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, 10  
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—Shakspeare.

**THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.**

At the corner of Wood street, when daylight ap-  
 pears,  
 Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for  
 three years;  
 Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
 In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She  
 sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
 Bright columns of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
 Down which she so often has tripped with her pail; 10  
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
 The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven, but they  
 fade,  
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15  
 And the colours have all passed away from her  
 eyes,

—Wordsworth.

**O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!**

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
 The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we  
 sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
 exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
 and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

When on the deck my Captain lies,  
 Fallen cold and dead.



O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle  
 trills, 10  
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you  
 the shores a-crowding,  
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager  
 faces turning;  
 Here Captain, dear father!  
 This arm beneath your head!  
 It is some dream that on the deck, 15  
 You've fallen cold and dead.  
  
 My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and  
 still,  
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse  
 nor will,  
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage  
 closed and done,  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with  
 object won; 20  
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
 But I with mournful tread,  
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
 Fallen cold and dead.  
 —Walt Whitman.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,  
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This city now doth like a garment, wear 5  
 The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields and to the sky;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10  
 Never saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
 The river glided at his own sweet will;  
 Dear God! The very houses seem asleep,  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.  
 —Wordsworth.

## ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blest!  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod. 5

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 10  
 And Freedom shall a while repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—Collins.

---

 IN MEMORIAM, II.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
 That name the under-lying dead,  
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flowers again, 5  
 And bring the firstling to the flock;  
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom, 10  
 Who changest not in any gale,  
 Nor branding summer suns avail  
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
 I seem to fall from out my blood 15  
 And grow incorporate into thee.

—Tennyson.

## MEMORABILIA.

Ah! did you see Shelley plain,  
 And did he stop and speak to you,  
 And did you speak to him again?  
 How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that, 5  
 And also you are 'living after;  
 And the memory I startled at—  
 My startling moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of 'ts own,  
 And a certain use in the world, no doubt, 10  
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
 'Mid the blank miles round about.

For these I picked up on the heather  
 And there I put inside my breast  
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather! 15  
 Well, I forget the rest.

—Browning.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent 5  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He, returning chide;  
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best 10  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His  
 state  
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

—Milton.

## TO AUTUMN.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
 run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease, 10  
 For Summer has ~~her~~ <sup>their</sup> clammy  
 cells.

Who hath not seen thee ~~in~~ <sup>thy</sup> store?  
 Sometimes whoever ~~in~~ <sup>abroad</sup> may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; 15  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy  
 hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flow-  
 ers;  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep 20  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are  
 they?  
 Think not of them, Thou hast thy music too, 25  
 While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-pains with rosy-hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

—John Keats.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadowed main,—  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,      5  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-  
 ing hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
 And every chambered cell,      10  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed,—  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil      15  
 That spread its lustrous coil;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door,      20  
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the  
 old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap forlorn!  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born      25  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
 While on my ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice  
 that sings:—  
 Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll!      30  
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
 Till thou at length art free,  
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting  
 sun!      35

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

**"IT IS NOT GROWING LIKE A TREE."**

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better he;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.  
 —Ben Jonson.

**THE CHURCH ORCH.**

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,  
 Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both;  
 Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;  
 The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.  
 Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;  
 A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.  
 Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly  
 By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.  
 If those take up thy day, the sun will cry  
 Against thee; for his light was only lent.  
 God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers  
 Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.  
 . . . . .  
 Who keeps no guard upon himself, is slack,  
 And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.  
 Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,  
 Whose every parcel underwrites a law.  
 Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way;  
 God gave them to thee under lock and key.  
 By all means use some times to be alone.  
 Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.  
 Dare to look in thy chest: for 'tis thine own:  
 And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.  
 Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
 He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.  
 —George Herbert.

## THE PLOUGH.

## A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE.

Above yon sombre swell of land  
 Thou seest the dawn's grave orange hue,  
 With one pale streak like yellow sand,  
 And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods ; 5  
 All silent is the earth and sky,  
 Except with his own lonely moods  
 The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,  
 Like hope that gilds a good man's brow, 10  
 And now ascends the nostril-stream  
 Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind  
 Your labour is for future hours !  
 Advance—spare not—nor look behind : 15  
 Plough deep and straight with all your power.

—Richard Tennyson. *Horne.*

## A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
 Thy tribute wave deliver :  
 No more by thee my steps shall be,  
 Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, 5  
 A rivulet then a river :  
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,  
 Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
 And here thine aspen shiver ; 10  
 And here by thee will hum the bee,  
 Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
 A thousand moons will quiver ;  
 But not by thee my steps shall be,  
 Forever and forever. 15

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

### BOOT AND SADDLE.

FROM "CAVALIER LYRICS."

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !  
 Rescue my castle before the hot day  
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.  
 CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ; 5  
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray  
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—"  
 CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array : 10  
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,  
 CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,  
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!  
 I've better counsellors; what counsel they?" 15  
 CHORUS.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !

—*Robert Browning.*

### MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
 Looking as if she were alive. I call  
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5  
 "Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read  
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,



The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) 10  
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15  
 Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps  
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint  
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
 Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff  
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20  
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,  
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast, 25  
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
 The bough of cherries some officious fool  
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, 30  
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but  
 thanked  
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked  
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame 35  
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will  
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this  
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
 Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let  
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40  
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave com- 45  
 mands;  
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
 The company below, then. I repeat,  
 The Count your master's known munificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50

Of mine for dowry will be disallowed ;  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Notice Neptune, though,  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me! 55

—Robert Browning.

**"NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S  
 NARROW ROOM."**

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room ;  
 And hermits are contented with their cells ;  
 And students with their pensive citadels ;  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
 So blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom, 5  
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.  
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,  
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound 10  
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;  
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

—William Wordsworth.

**MEEK SPIRIT, WHO SO EARLY DIDST DEPART.**

Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,  
 Thou art at rest in Heaven ! I linger here,  
 And feed the lonely anguish of my heart ;  
 Thinking of all that made existence dear—  
 All lost ! If in the happy world above 5  
 Remembrance of this mortal life endure,  
 Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love  
 Which still thou seest in me,—O spirit pure !  
 And if the irremediable grief,  
 The Woe which never hopes on earth relief, 10  
 May merit ought of thee, prefer thy prayer  
 To God, who took thee early to his rest,  
 That it may please him soon amid the blest  
 To summon me, dear maid ! to meet thee there.

—Camões, translated by Southey.

## PIPPA'S SONG.

FROM "PIPPA PASSER."

The year's at the spring  
 And day's at the morn;  
 Morning's at seven;  
 The hillside's dew-pearled;  
 The lark's on the wing;  
 The snail's on the thorn;  
 God's in His heaven—  
 All's right with the world !

5

—Robert Browning.

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

Thou fair-haired Angel of the Evening,  
 Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light  
 Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
 Put on, and smile upon our evening bed !  
 Smile on our loves; and while thou drawest the  
 Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
 On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
 In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on  
 The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,  
 And wash the dusk with silver.—Soon, full soon,  
 Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
 And then the lion glares through the dun forest.  
 The fleeces of our flocks are covered with  
 Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence !

5

10

—William Blake.

## DUTY.

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;  
 I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
 Was thy dream then a shadowy lie ?  
 Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
 A noon-day light and truth to thee.

5

—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

## OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I !  
 Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
 Cities and fields I walk ; I penetrate  
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
 Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late  
 I knock unbidden once at every gate !

5

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before  
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
 And they who follow me reach every state  
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
 Save death ; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
 I answer not, and I return no more !

10

—John T. Ingalls.

## THE PATRIOT.

## AN OLD STORY.

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :  
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,  
 A year ago on this very day.

5

The air broke into a mist with bells,  
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.  
 Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—  
 But give me your sun from yonder skies !"   
 They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

10

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
 To give it my loving friends to keep !  
 Nought man could do, have I left undone :  
 And you see my harvest, what I reap  
 This very day, now a year is run.

15

There's nobody on the house-tops now—  
 Just a palsied few at the windows set ;  
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
 At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,  
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

20

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
 A rope cuts into my wrists behind ;  
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds. 25

Thus I entered, and thus I go !  
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.  
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe  
 Me?"—God might question : now instead  
 'Tis God shall repay : I am safer so. 30

—Robert Browning.

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#### THE EVE OF ELECTION.

From gold to gray  
 Our mild, sweet day  
 Of Indian summer fades too soon ;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea 5  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

O'er fallen leaves  
 The west wind grieves,  
 Yet comes a seed-time round again ;  
 And morn shall see 10  
 The State sown free  
 With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Around I see  
 The powers that be ;  
 I stand by Empire's primal springs ; 15  
 And princes meet,  
 In every street,  
 And hear the tread of uncrowned kings !

Not lightly fall  
 Beyond recall 20  
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;  
 The crowning fact,  
 The kingliest act  
 Of Freedom is the Freeman's vote !

# APPENDIX.

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Shame from our hearts  
Unworthy arts,  
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;  
And smite away  
The hands we lay  
Profanely on the sacred ark.

30

—J. G. Whittier.

## FROM HEAVEN HIS SPIRIT CAME.

From heaven his spirit came, and robed in clay  
The realms of justice and of mercy trod,  
Then rose a living man to gaze on God,  
That he might make the truth as clear as day.  
For that pure star that brightened with his ray 5  
The ill-deserving nest where I was born,  
The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn;  
None but his maker can due guerdon pay.  
I speak of Dante, whose high work remains,  
Unknown, unhonored by that thankless brood, 10  
Who only to just men deny their wage.  
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,  
Against his exile coupled with his good  
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage!

—Michael Angelo, translated by J. A. Symonds.

## GULIELMUS REX.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day  
And saw that gentle figure pass  
By London Bridge, his frequent way—  
They little knew what man he was.  
  
The pointed beard, the courteous mien, 5  
The equal port to high and low,  
All this they saw or might have seen—  
But not the light behind the brow!  
  
The doublet's modest gray or brown,  
The slender sword-hilt's plain device, 10  
What sign had these for prince or clown?  
Few turned, or none to scan him twice.

89  
GE  
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Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!  
 The rest with all their pomps and trains  
 Are mouldered, half-remembered things— 15  
 'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

### KUBLA KHAN.

[A FRAGMENT OF A DREAM-VISION.]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 Down to a sunless sea. 5  
 So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round:  
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.  
 But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced:  
 And whose swift half-intermitted burst 20  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momently the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion 25  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war. 30  
 The shadows of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated mid-way on the waves;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.

# APPENDIX.

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|                                           |    |
|-------------------------------------------|----|
| It was a miracle of rare device,          | 35 |
| A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice ! |    |
| A damsel with a dulcimer                  |    |
| In a vision once I saw :                  |    |
| It was an Abyssinian maid,                |    |
| And on her dulcimer she played,           | 40 |
| Singing of Mount Abora.                   |    |
| Could I revive within me                  |    |
| Her symphony and song,                    |    |
| To such a deep delight 'twould win me     |    |
| That with music loud and long,            | 45 |
| I would build that dome in air,           |    |
| That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !    |    |
| And all who heard should see them there,  |    |
| And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !     |    |
| His flashing eyes, his floating hair !    | 50 |
| Weave a circle round him thrice,          |    |
| And close your eyes with holy dread,      |    |
| For he on honey-dew hath fed,             |    |
| And drunk the milk of Paradise.           |    |

—S. T. Coleridge.

## THE POET'S SONG.

|                                                |    |
|------------------------------------------------|----|
| 'The rain had fallen, the Poet arose           |    |
| He pass'd by the town and out of the street,   |    |
| A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,   |    |
| And waves of shadow went over the wheat,       |    |
| And he sat him down in a lonely place,         | 5  |
| And chanted a melody loud and sweet,           |    |
| That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,    |    |
| And the lark drop down at his feet.            |    |
| The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,        |    |
| The snake slipt under a spray,                 | 10 |
| The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak, |    |
| And stared, with his foot on the prey,         |    |
| And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many |    |
| songs,                                         |    |
| But never a one so gay,                        |    |
| For he sings of what the world will be         | 15 |
| When the years have died away."                |    |

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

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## FROM "A POET'S EPITAPH"

But who is He, with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

5

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

10

On common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,—  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

15

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land;  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

20

—Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length;  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

—William Wordsworth.

What is genius? is it not a  
spiritual light which "makes  
Clear" : so apply to the written  
Word " these lines on page 167  
and have the fulfillment -  
in our reading of Scripture  
- - - "meaning and beauty  
hitherto concealed"

